

THE STORY TELLERS BOOK



Merry Christmas
Jackie
L.H.B.

Recd. 1932.

**THE STORY TELLER'S
BOOK**



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By

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INTRODUCTION

The study of stories for children during the past few years has resulted in the production of many excellent books of tales, both single and in such series as the "Fairy Ring" and "Magic Casements," and the various "Tree" books by Clifton Johnson.

Money to own a library of these source books, however, and time to select from the many volumes the few desired stories, are seldom available, and as yet there has been published no book collecting only the simpler old tales, providing a story teller's book for home and school.

The need of such a collection has been felt by the editors, and in this little volume they have endeavored to supply it. Here the busy mother and the teacher with the limited exchequer may find gathered in one collection a simple and selected group of stories. These stories, the beginnings of narrative to follow the nursery rhyme, have been taken from many sources, and are intended to supply literature for children from three to seven years of age.

Therefore the first stories in the book are short and often interspersed with verse. Then come the simpler folk tales and, last of all, stories that are longer and contain more detail and more experience. These should be followed by the fairy tale, which belongs to children of a larger growth.

In several instances two versions of a folk tale have

been given, both versions being in current use. But in every case the first given is considered the better one.

The editors hope that the stories will be told rather than read, at least in the kindergarten and school. For with little children, especially, the love of story must be communicated by the minnesinger, to the eye as well as to the ear. The story teller should be an artist in interpretation, presenting the story in the most simple and natural manner. The listeners must be charmed with ballad and tale. Incident and character must live again by the magic of the living voice. Since the form of the story contributes a large part of its literary value, it is best to learn the story as it is written, as we learn music for an instrument, then to interpret it as we understand it.

The function of literature is not directly to inform or to instruct, but to delight and to cultivate through the actual experiences of pure, wholesome joy; therefore the story teller's real teaching lies in the unconscious sense of meaning, humor, content, and above all beauty, which he awakens.

A word must be said for the choice of certain of the rhymes and stories in the book. Wholesome humor is as valuable for little children as for grown people, but we grown-ups do not always understand the humor of a child's tale. Indeed, we are so desirous for his moral nurture that we are in danger of making too much of the goody-goody in what is provided.

"The Robber Kitten," "The Wandering Musicians," and the story of Chicken Licken are distinctly humorous,

and must not be taken seriously. The element of humor is of course in many of the other tales, but these are essentially humorous in character and should be appreciated as such by the story teller. They are a species of drolls, and of literary and moral value.

Some of the books from which stories were taken contain other stories which a mother would be glad to use. Among these are "Prince Dimple and his Every-day Doings" and "Prince Dimple and his Further Doings," by Mrs. Paull; the "Arabella and Araminta" stories, by Gertrude Smith; "Mother Stories," by Maud Lindsay; "For the Children's Hour," by Bailey and Lewis; "Child Life in Prose," by Whittier; "Folk Stories and Fables," by James Baldwin; "Classic Stories for the Little Ones," by Lida Brown McMurry; "English Fairy Tales," by Joseph Jacobs; and "Cossack Fairy Tales," by R. Nesbit Bain.

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THE STORY TELLER'S BOOK

CHRISTMAS EVE¹

PRINCE DIMPLE was a very little fellow, for he had never seen Christmas. He could only talk in his funny baby way, which no one understood except his two dolls, Jack the Harlequin, in his pink and green suit with the little bells on it, and Squeaky Sam, who was made of rubber, with a whistle inside of him which squeaked whenever you squeezed him.

"Christmas is coming. I heard mother say so," Prince Dimple told Jack the Harlequin one day. "Do you know what Christmas is?"

No, Jack did not know, and Squeaky Sam did not know; but Christmas must certainly be very nice, for every one seemed to be glad that it was coming, and whenever mother talked to Prince Dimple about it she hugged and kissed him, as if it were something that had a great deal to do with him.

"Santa Claus is coming to-night, and little

¹ *This story, and the two following stories, were taken from "Prince Dimple and his Every-day Doings." By permission of George W. Jacobs & Co., publishers.*

Cousin Margaret has sent you a pretty stocking to hang up," said mother one evening when Prince Dimple was all ready for bed.

Prince Dimple clapped his hands when mother showed him the stocking. It was the very prettiest stocking Prince Dimple had ever seen, and he wondered why mother did not get him such pretty stockings to wear, instead of little black silk ones.

It was pink and blue, and little points hung from the top of the stocking with little gold bells on them, just like the bells on Jack the Harlequin.

It had little pink and blue ribbons by which to hang it up, and it was big enough to hold a great many nice things.

"See, we will hang it up by the fireplace, so that Santa Claus can find it and fill it with pretty things for Prince Dimple," mother said. The little bells jingled and made sweet music as mother fastened it up beside the fireplace; and Prince Dimple wondered, as he went to sleep, how Santa Claus was coming and what he would bring.

When Prince Dimple was sound asleep, and his little curly head was resting on his

pillow in the bassinet, then you may be sure Santa Claus came, and filled the pretty little stocking to the very top.

He had far too much to put it all into the stocking, and so he piled the rest of the pretty things he had brought beside the fireplace.

MRS. PAULL.

CHRISTMAS MORNING

Prince Dimple had slept so soundly all night long that he had not heard Santa Claus come, and he had forgotten all about his pretty stocking. When he woke up in the morning he sat up and rubbed his eyes, and then he saw the stocking filled to the top, and the beautiful presents piled up beside the fireplace.

"Oh! oh! oh!" he shouted; and he nearly jumped out of his bassinet, he was so eager to get over to the fireplace, and see all the wonderful things.

Mother carried him over, and he was so delighted that he hardly knew what to look at first.

There was a beautiful gray horse, with a red saddle, that he had to stop and kiss the

very first thing, it was so pretty; and then he found another horse, with a rider on its back, who blew a trumpet whenever he was moved.

There was a picture book full of monkeys, and Prince Dimple did love monkeys so much that he was very happy to have a whole book full of them.

Everything Prince Dimple liked best was here. There was a box of big blocks that had all sorts of pictures on them, and were so light to lift that he could easily pick them up in his little hands, although they did look so big.

There was the story of the Old Woman and her Pig, which mother had told Prince Dimple ever so many times, and now he could see all the pictures of the naughty pig that wouldn't go.

After Prince Dimple had looked at all the pretty things that were piled up beside the fireplace mother gave him his stocking, and Prince Dimple shouted with delight as he took out the pretty things, one after another.

I couldn't possibly tell you what they all were; and if you want to see them, you must

come to Prince Dimple's nursery, and he will show them all to you himself.

MRS. PAULL.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Prince Dimple knew now what Christmas was; and he was very glad it had come, since it had brought him so many nice things.

He did not want to stop and get dressed, he was so busy playing with his new toys; but at last he stopped long enough to have his bath and eat his breakfast.

Mother let him hold his new ball in his hand all the time he was getting dressed, and that helped him to be patient.

Still more wonderful things were to happen, though. When Prince Dimple had eaten his breakfast mother took him in her arms and carried him downstairs; and papa opened the parlor door for them.

Can you guess what the wonderful thing was that Prince Dimple saw? There was a beautiful tree, sparkling with tiny tapers, and covered with beautiful shining things, and soft, glittering snow.

It was the most beautiful thing that little Prince Dimple had ever seen, and he was so surprised and so pleased that he did not say a single word.

He never moved, but just sat still and looked at everything with his big blue eyes, without even a smile.

It was so beautiful that he did not know what to do with himself.

"What do you think of your Christmas tree, Prince Dimple?" asked papa at last.

"Ah! ha!" shouted Prince Dimple, giving such a spring that he nearly jumped out of mother's arms, he was in such a hurry to go nearer to the wonderful tree.

There was so much to see that Prince Dimple thought he would never get through looking at it; and he spent Christmas Day with his beautiful tree, and was almost too happy to eat.

I will not tell you about the tree, because of course you had just such a pretty one yourself, and perhaps you have seen Christmas trees a great many times; but it was little Prince Dimple's first Christmas tree, you know, and so it was a very wonderful

tree to him, and he thought it was the most beautiful tree in the world.

MRS. PAULL.

THE "WAKE-UP" STORY

The sun was up and the breeze was blowing, and the five chicks and four geese and three rabbits and two kitties and one little dog were just as noisy and lively as they knew how to be.

They were all watching for Baby Ray to appear at the window, but he was still fast asleep in his little white bed, while mamma was making ready the things he would need when he should wake up.

First she went along the orchard path as far as the old wooden pump, and said: "Good Pump, will you give me some nice, clear water for the baby's bath?"

And the pump was willing.

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath.

Then she went a little farther on the path, and stopped at the wood pile, and said: "Good Chips, the pump has given me nice, clear water for dear little Ray; will you come

and warm the water and cook his food?"
And the chips were willing.

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath.
And the clean, white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and to cook his food.

So mamma went on till she came to the barn, and then said: "Good Cow, the pump has given me nice, clear water, and the wood pile has given me clean, white chips for dear little Ray; will you give me warm, rich milk?"

And the cow was willing.

Then she said to the top-knot hen that was scratching in the straw: "Good Biddy, the pump has given me nice, clear water, and the wood pile has given me clean, white chips, and the cow has given me warm, rich milk for dear little Ray; will you give me a new-laid egg?"

And the hen was willing.

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath.
The clean, white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and to cook his food.
The cow gave milk in the milk pail bright,
And the top-knot Biddy an egg, new and white.

Then mamma went on till she came to the orchard, and said to a Red June apple tree: "Good Tree, the pump has given me nice, clear water, and the wood pile has given me clean, white chips, and the cow has given me warm, rich milk, and the hen has given me a new-laid egg for dear little Ray; will you give me a pretty red apple?"

And the tree was willing.

So mamma took the apple and the egg and the milk and the chips and the water to the house, and there was Baby Ray in his night-gown, looking out of the window.

And she kissed him and bathed him and dressed him, and while she brushed and curled his soft, brown hair, she told him the "Wake-Up" story that I am telling you:

The good old pump by the orchard path
Gave nice, clear water for the baby's bath;
The clean, white chips from the pile of wood
Were glad to warm it and to cook his food.
The cow gave milk in the milk pail bright;
The top-knot Biddy an egg, new and white;
And the tree gave an apple so round and so red,
For dear little Ray, who was just out of bed.

EUDORA BUMSTEAD.

THE "GO-SLEEP" STORY

"How can I go to bed," said Penny, the flossy dog, "till I say good night to Baby Ray? He gives me part of his bread and milk, and pats me with his little soft hand. It is bedtime now for dogs and babies. I wonder if he is asleep?"

So he trotted along in his silky white nightgown till he found Baby Ray on the porch in mamma's arms.

And she was telling him the same little story that I am telling you:

"The doggie that was given him to keep, keep, keep,
Went to see if Baby Ray was asleep, sleep, sleep."

"How can we go to bed," said Snowdrop and Thistledown, the youngest children of Tabby, the cat, "till we have once more looked at Baby Ray? He lets us play with his blocks and ball, and laughs when we climb on the table. It is bedtime now for kitties and dogs and babies. Perhaps we shall find him asleep." And this is what the kitties heard:

"One doggie that was given him to keep, keep, keep,
Two cunning little kitty-cats, creep, creep, creep,
Went to see if Baby Ray was asleep, sleep, sleep."

"How can we go to bed," said the three little bunnies, "till we have seen Baby Ray?" Then away they went in their white velvet nightgowns as softly as three flakes of snow. And they, too, when they got as far as the porch, heard Ray's mamma telling the same little story:

"One doggie that was given him to keep, keep, keep,
Two cunning little kitty-cats, creep, creep, creep,
Three pretty little bunnies with a leap, leap, leap,
Went to see if Baby Ray was asleep, sleep, sleep."

"How can we go to bed," said the four white geese, "till we know that Baby Ray is all right? He loves to watch us sail on the duck pond, and he brings us corn in his little blue apron. It is bedtime now for geese and rabbits and kitties and dogs and babies, and he really ought to be asleep."

So they waddled away in their white feather nightgowns, around by the porch, where they saw Baby Ray, and heard mamma tell the "Go-Sleep" story:

"One doggie that was given him to keep, keep, keep,
Two cunning little kitty-cats, creep, creep, creep,
Three pretty little bunnies, with a leap, leap, leap,
Four geese from the duck pond, deep, deep, deep,
Went to see if Baby Ray was asleep, sleep, sleep."

"How can we go to bed," said the five white chicks, "till we have seen Baby Ray once more? He scatters crumbs for us and calls us. Now it is bedtime for chicks and geese and rabbits and kitties and dogs and babies, so little Ray must be asleep."

Then they ran and fluttered in their downy white nightgowns till they came to the porch, where little Ray was just closing his eyes, while mamma told the "Go-Sleep" story:

"One doggie that was given him to keep, keep,
keep,

Two cunning little kitty-cats, creep, creep, creep,
Three pretty little bunnies, with a leap, leap, leap,
Four geese from the duck pond, deep, deep, deep,
Five downy little chicks, crying, peep, peep, peep,
All saw that Baby Ray was asleep, sleep, sleep."

EUDORA BUMSTEAD.

THE SLEEPY SONG¹

As soon as the fire burns red and low
And the house upstairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy song,
Of sheep that go over the hill.

¹ From "Poems." By permission of the author. Copyright, 1903, by Chas. Scribner's Sons.

The good little sheep run quick and soft,
Their colors are gray and white;
They follow their leader, nose and tail,
For they must be home by night.

And one slips over, and one comes next,
And one runs after behind;
The gray one's nose at the white one's tail,
The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the hill
They quietly slip away,
But one runs over and one comes next—
Their colors are white and gray.

And over they go, and over they go,
And over the top of the hill
The good little sheep run quick and soft,
And the house upstairs is still.

And one slips over and one comes next,
The good little, gray little sheep!
I watch how the fire burns red and low,
And she says that I fall asleep.

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON.

SOAP-BUBBLE STORY¹THE DEAR DARLINGS PLAY A PRETTY
RAINY-DAY PLAY

Arabella and Araminta were two little sisters four years old. They lived in a white house on a green hill, and all day long they played together.

And one day it rained while the sun was shining; the sun was shining while it rained.

And Arabella looked out of the window, and said, "Oh, see, Araminta! see the sun in the rain!"

And Araminta looked out of the window, and said, "Oh, see, Arabella! see the sun in the rain!"

And Arabella clapped her hands, and said: "Oh, Araminta, see, see, see! There is a rainbow, a great big rainbow, shining in the sky!"

And Araminta clapped her hands, and said: "Oh, Arabella, see, see, see! There is a rainbow, a great big rainbow, shining in the sky!"

And their mother heard them, and she came

¹ From "Arabella and Araminta," by Gertrude Smith. Copyright, 1895. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Small, Maynard & Company, Incorporated.

and looked out of the window, and she saw the rainbow, from way over there to way over there, shining in the sky.

And Arabella said: "Oh, isn't it beautiful, beautiful? Just see the colors, mamma!"

And Araminta said: "Oh, isn't it beautiful, beautiful? Just see the colors, mamma!"

And their mother said: "Yes, dears, it is certainly beautiful. I will tell you what we will do: I will show you how you can make some little rainbows right here in your own house."

And Arabella said, "Why, mamma, how could you make little truly rainbows right here in our own house?"

And Araminta said, "Why, mamma, how could you make little truly rainbows right here in our own house?"

And their mother said, "Just wait and you will see."

Then she went and found two pipes, two white clay pipes, and she got two bowls of water with some soapsuds in them. And she gave a pipe to Arabella, and a pipe to Araminta, and she showed them how to blow bubbles, how to blow soap-bubbles with some

water and a pipe. And into the bubbles the colors came,—all the beautiful colors of the rainbow.

And Arabella blew a bubble as large as a teacup, and Araminta blew a bubble as large as a little bowl!

And Arabella screamed with joy, and said: "Oh, oh, oh! I do see a rainbow, a little truly rainbow in my bubble, mamma!"

And Araminta screamed with joy, and said: "Oh, oh, oh! I do see a rainbow, a little truly rainbow in my bubble, mamma!"

And their mother said: "Yes, yes, I see, dears; but look at your dresses, do, dears; they're as wet as wet as can be! You must go right and take them off."

And oh, that mischief Arabella! and oh, that mischief Araminta!—what do you think they did?

Why, they took their dresses off, and took off their little skirts, so nothing was upon them except their little shirts!

And then they blew soap-bubbles, more and more soap-bubbles, with nothing else upon them except their little shirts!

And their mother laughed, and said: "You

precious little dears, I wish I had your picture as you look just now."

And Arabella danced about the room, and laughed and clapped her hands; and Araminta danced about the room, and laughed and laughed and clapped her hands.

Without a bit of trouble Arabella blew a bubble; and she blew another bubble, and she blew another bubble, and she blew another bubble; without a bit of trouble she blew another bubble.

And without a bit of trouble Araminta blew a bubble; and she blew another bubble, and she blew another bubble, and she blew another bubble; without a bit of trouble she blew another bubble.

SLEEPY-TIME STORY¹

WHEN BEDTIME CAME THEY WERE WIDE AWAKE,
SO WERE THEIR TWO LITTLE KITTIES

And one night Arabella's and Araminta's mamma was sewing, and their papa was reading his newspaper. And there was a fire in the grate, a warm bright fire in the grate.

¹ From "Arabella and Araminta," by Gertrude Smith. Copyright, 1895. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Small, Maynard & Company, Incorporated.

And Arabella sat on the rug before the fire, and Araminta sat on the rug before the fire.

And Arabella was playing with her little white kitty, and Araminta was playing with her little black kitty.

And Arabella's little white kitty's name was Annabel, and Araminta's little black kitty's name was Lillabel.

Arabella had a little red ball fastened to a long string, and Araminta had a little blue ball fastened to a long string. Arabella would roll her ball, and her little white kitty would run and jump for it. And Araminta would roll her ball, and her little black kitty would run and jump for it.

The kittens were so cunning and funny, and they were having such a splendid time!

Sometimes when Arabella's kitty would run very fast, or jump very high, Arabella would laugh until she tumbled right over on the floor.

And sometimes when Araminta's kitty would run very fast, or jump very high, Araminta would laugh until she would tumble right over on the floor.

Oh, they were having a splendid time!

But all at once their mamma looked up from her sewing, and said: "Good night, Arabella. Good night, Araminta. The clock is on the stroke of eight."

And their papa looked up from his paper, and said: "Yes, good night, Arabella. Good night, Araminta. The clock is on the stroke of eight."

And Arabella said, "Oh, must we go to bed right now?"

And Araminta said, "Oh, must we go to bed right now?"

And their papa said: "Yes, indeed; yes, indeed. Good night, Arabella. Good night, Araminta. The clock is on the stroke of eight."

Always, when it was bedtime, their papa and mamma would say: "Good night, Arabella. Good night, Araminta."

And sometimes they were good, and sometimes they were bad; but they always ran away to bed.

And their dear mamma always went with them and tucked them in and kissed them, then came away downstairs and left them.

And sometimes they were good, and sometimes they were bad; but they always went to sleep.

But to-night their mamma said:

“Run and get your nighties, dears,
And get each a flannel gown,
And we ’ll sit and rock you here,
Till you go to sleepy-town.”

And Arabella ran upstairs and got her nighty and her little flannel gown. And Araminta ran upstairs and got her nighty and her little flannel gown. And their mamma undressed Arabella, and their papa undressed Araminta.

Arabella’s little flannel gown was red, and Araminta’s little flannel gown was pink. And when they had put them on over their nighties they were just as warm as toast.

Arabella’s kitty was playing with Araminta’s kitty on the rug before the fire. They were rolling and tumbling and chasing each other, and they looked so cunning and sweet!

And Arabella’s mamma took Arabella on her lap, and Araminta’s papa took Araminta on his lap.

Arabella said, "Oh, I want my kitty in my lap, mamma!"

And Araminta said, "Oh, I want my kitty in my lap, papa!"

So they jumped down and caught the kitties.

Their mamma rocked Arabella, and their papa rocked Araminta; and they sang to them,—

"Now a nice little rock,
And never mind the clock,—
Now a nice little rock,
And never mind the clock!"

And they sang it over, and over, and over,
and over:

"Now a nice little rock,
And never mind the clock,—
Now a nice little rock,
And never mind the clock!"

And Arabella cuddled in her mamma's arms, and hugged her little kitty close; and Araminta cuddled in her papa's arms, and hugged her little kitty close.

And their mamma sang, and their papa sang,—

“Now she goes to sleepy-town, sleepy-town,
sleepy-town;
Cuddled in her little gown,
Here she goes to sleepy-town.”

And they sang it over, and over, and over:

“Now she goes to sleepy-town, sleepy-town,
sleepy-town;
Cuddled in her little gown,
Here she goes to sleepy-town.”

And very soon Arabella could only just hear her mamma singing, and very soon Araminta could only just hear her papa singing, “sleepy-town, sleepy-town.” And soon they couldn't hear them at all. They were sound asleep!

And their mamma looked at their papa, and said, “Our precious little dears are both sound asleep.”

And their papa said, “Yes, our little pets have both reached sleepy-town.”

And Arabella's mamma carried her upstairs and put her in her little bed, and Araminta's papa carried her upstairs and put her in her little bed. And Arabella was hugging her white kitty up close in her arms, and Araminta was hugging her black kitty up close

in her arms. And the kitties were both sound asleep, too.

But Araminta's kitty and Arabella's kitty did not sleep with them all night,—oh, no, indeed! They had a nice little, warm little, soft little bed down in the basement, close by the furnace.

And their papa took the kitties out of their arms, and he carried them down to their bed.

And Arabella slept, and slept, and slept, and slept, and slept. And Araminta slept, and slept, and slept, and slept, and slept.

And the little kitties, in their soft little bed, slept, and slept, too. All through the long, dark, beautiful night they slept.

And the sun came, and the morning came, and it was another day!

CHRISTMAS STORY¹

HERE COMES DEAR, GOOD OLD SANTA IN
THE GOOD OLD-FASHIONED WAY

It was winter, and cold, very cold,—boo! boo!—very cold! It made you shiver and

¹ From "Arabella and Araminta," by Gertrude Smith. Copyright, 1895. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Small, Maynard & Company, Incorporated.

shake to step out of doors, just shiver and shake to step out of doors.

And Arabella said, "I'm glad it's winter, and cold, because Christmas will come before long, I'm sure."

And Araminta said, "Yes, Christmas will come before long, I'm sure."

And there were more cold days, and more cold days, and more cold days.

And then there came a day that was a very little warmer, and it began to snow. And it snowed and snowed and snowed and snowed and snowed. Right out of the sky the little white flakes came chasing each other, faster and faster and faster and faster, till the ground was all covered and white. And still it kept snowing and snowing and snowing! And the snow got deeper and deeper and deeper and deeper, till great drifts were piled all around,—the fence was covered, and the rosebush; and you couldn't see the path!

And Arabella stood at the window and watched the little white flakes come chasing each other right out of the sky.

And Araminta stood at the window and

watched the little white flakes come chasing each other right out of the sky.

And Arabella clapped her little hands and laughed, and said: "Oh, I'm glad that it's snowing, for now Christmas will come, I'm sure; now Christmas will come, I'm sure!"

And Araminta clapped her little hands and laughed, and said: "Oh, I'm glad that it's snowing, for now Christmas will come, I'm sure; now Christmas will come, I'm sure!"

And every morning, when she awoke, Arabella would say, "Is it Christmas to-day, mamma?"

And every morning, when she awoke, Araminta would say, "Is it Christmas to-day, mamma?"

And their mamma would say: "Not yet, not yet. You must wait for a few days more."

And Arabella would say: "Will Santa Claus come down our chimney, mamma, with a pack like the one in the picture?"

And Araminta would say: "Will Santa Claus come down our chimney, mamma, with a pack like the one in the picture?"

And their mamma said: "Well, I hope Santa will remember you, dears. He did

not pass over this home last year. Oh, yes, I think he'll remember!"

And the days went by, and the days went by, till one day their mamma said: "To-night, Arabella, is Christmas Eve,—to-night, Araminta, is Christmas Eve, and to-morrow is Christmas Day."

And Arabella clapped her hands and danced around the room and cried, "Oh, goody, goody, goody!"

And Araminta clapped her hands and danced around the room and cried, "Oh, goody, goody, goody!"

And Arabella said, "Shall we hang our little stockings up by the fireplace to-night for Santa to fill, mamma?"

And Araminta said: "Shall we hang our little stockings up by the fireplace to-night for Santa to fill, mamma?"

And their mother said: "Yes, yes, you may hang them up to-night, dears." And they did.

Arabella hung her two dear little stockings on the right side of the fireplace, and Araminta hung her two dear little stockings on the left side of the fireplace. Close up

to the fireplace those four little stockings were hung so Santa could easily find them.

And then Arabella went to bed and slept, and slept, and slept. And Araminta went to bed and slept, and slept, and slept.

But while Arabella and Araminta were sleeping, dear Santa was wide awake; and all through the night he was very busily working.

The moon was shining, and all over the ground the snow lay white, and it was cold, very cold,—boo! boo! It made you shiver and shake,—boo! boo!—it made you shiver and shake. It was a beautiful night for Santa!

He came in a sleigh of silver and gold, with six white reindeers,—at least so I'm told (I never sat up to see),—with six white reindeers all covered with bells, with dear little bells of silver and gold that tinkle, and tinkle, and tinkle.

Of course it's all true. Don't you doubt, it's all true. How else could he come? He comes every year; how else could he come?

And while Arabella slept, and while Araminta slept, he came in his sleigh of silver

and gold, with the six white reindeers, right up to their door, and he rapped, tap, tap, and he rang the bell; but no one woke up or heard him! It was a beautiful night for Santa!

It was cold and clear, and the moon shone bright. Just the kind of a Christmas to give delight to a jolly old soul like Santa.

And Arabella's and Araminta's papa had put a ladder up by the house to make it easy for Santa. And he ran up the ladder and stood on the roof. And he tiptoed around until he found the chimney, and he laughed as he looked down the chimney, and he said: "The door is locked and all are asleep, so as usual I'll go down the chimney."

And he looked up at the moon, and shook his curls, and said: "Arabella and Araminta are good little girls. Don't forget, dear Santa, they are good little girls." Then, pop, he was gone down the chimney!

And there by the fireplace he found Arabella's two little stockings and Araminta's two little stockings, and he filled them all full, so full they ran over, and things lay around on the floor. Then up through the

chimney he went as quick as a wink, much quicker than you could possibly think. And he ran down the ladder and jumped into his sleigh, and spoke to the reindeers and rode away. It was a beautiful night for Santa!

And Arabella slept and slept, and Araminta slept and slept. And then it was Christmas morning!

And Arabella woke up and said: "Merry Christmas, Araminta! Oh, do you suppose dear Santa did come?"

And Araminta said: "Merry Christmas, Arabella! Oh, do you suppose dear Santa did come?"

And they jumped out of their little beds and put on their little flannel gowns, and ran downstairs as fast as they could go. And there by the fireplace the four little stockings were hanging, full,—full to the toes and running over!

And Arabella said: "Oh, Santa has been here! Just see, see, see my stocking, Araminta!"

And Araminta said: "Oh, Santa has been here! Just see, see, see my stocking, Arabella!"

And then they looked at their presents. Arabella had a beautiful big new doll, and Araminta had a beautiful big new doll. And Arabella had a little set of dishes, and Araminta had a little set of dishes. And Arabella had a storybook, a beautiful storybook, and Araminta had a storybook, a beautiful storybook. And Arabella had a little white muff and tippet all for herself, and Araminta had a little white muff and tippet all for herself. And Arabella had a rocking-horse,—she was very fond of horses,—and Araminta had a rocking-horse,—she was very fond of horses. And Arabella had a big red ball, and Araminta had a big red ball. And Arabella had a box of candy and nuts, and Araminta had a box of candy and nuts. And Arabella had a little silver thimble, and Araminta had a little silver thimble. And they had other things, a great many other things,—I cannot begin to tell you.

And all day long they played with their presents,—yes, all Christmas Day they played with their presents. It was a very merry Christmas.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY¹

GOOD-BY, ARABELLA, GOOD-BY, ARAMINTA.

WE HOPE YOU WILL HAVE MANY HAPPY
BIRTHDAYS

And the days went by, and the weeks went by, and the months went by, and a year went by, and our dear Arabella was five years old, and our dear Araminta was five years old. Their birthday came on the very same day, because they were twins, you know.

It was a beautiful day in June, a beautiful day in June; and it was their birthday.

And what do you suppose they had? Why, they had a party, a birthday party, out under the trees on the lawn. It was Arabella's party, and it was Araminta's party. And there were five little girls and five little boys invited to come to the party. And they were to have such a beautiful time!

At half-past two the party came, and stayed till half-past five.

And Arabella wore a white dotted muslin dress, and her little arms and her neck were bare. And she wore a pink sash, and little

¹ From "Arabella and Araminta," by Gertrude Smith. Copyright, 1895. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Small, Maynard & Company, Incorporated.

pink bows on her shoulders. And, oh, she did look so pretty, and sweet, and dear!

And Araminta wore a white dotted muslin dress, and her little arms and neck were bare. And she wore a blue sash, and little blue bows on her shoulders. And, oh, she did look so pretty, and sweet, and dear!

And when it was time for the children to come,—for the children to come to the party,—Arabella and Araminta stood out by the gate, stood out by the gate, and waited. And up the road the children came,—the five little girls and the five little boys,—all running and skipping and jumping.

And Arabella clapped her hands, and said: “Oh, the party is coming! Araminta, see, see, the party is coming!”

And Araminta clapped her hands, and said: “Oh, the party is coming! See, see, the party is coming!”

And Arabella climbed up on the gate, and waved her little handkerchief. “I see you!” she called. “I see you, all of you, coming!”

And Araminta climbed up on the gate, and waved her little handkerchief. “I see you!” she called. “I see you, all of you, coming!”

And up through the gate the children came,—the five little girls and the five little boys,—all running and skipping and jumping.

There were Jamie and Josie Browne, and Martha and Nelly Little, and dear little Dorothy Flint, and her cousin Margery Allen, and Henry and Herbert and Freddy DeLong, and their little sister Mabel. And this was the party.

It was a beautiful day in June, you remember, a warm, bright, beautiful day in June. And what fun they had at that party!

They ran about on the lawn, and they played all the games they knew. And Arabella's mamma, and Araminta's mamma, came out on the lawn and told them some new games to play, and showed them how to play them. She played with them, just as though she were a dear little girl herself. And, oh, they had a beautiful time!

And then came the loveliest part of all, the dinner,—the birthday dinner out under the trees on the lawn. All the five little girls sat on one side of the table, and all the five little boys sat on the other side of the table, and Arabella sat at one end of the

table in her high chair, and Araminta sat at the other end of the table in her high chair. And then the dinner began.

And right in the middle of the table were five dear little cakes with candles on them, one little candle on each little cake. And one of the cakes had "Arabella" printed on it in candies, in little pink and white candies. And one of the cakes had "Araminta" printed on it in candies, in little pink and white candies. These were their birthday cakes, you know, their dear little birthday cakes. But before they came to the cakes they had other things that were good to eat, a great many other things. It was a very, very nice dinner. And up over their heads were the green, green boughs of the trees, and up in the trees the dear little birds were singing and singing and singing.

And the five little boys, and the five little girls, and dear Arabella, and dear Araminta, were eating their dinner, and laughing and talking, and having the best, best time.

And then such a funny thing happened, such a funny, funny thing happened. What do you suppose it was? Why, it began to

rain! But that isn't funny at all, you say, to have it rain on the dinner. But it wasn't truly rain, at all, only a shower of flowers, right out of the cherry tree above them, came falling and falling and falling all over the heads of the children, all over the heads of the party! And the children laughed with delight, and held up their hands and caught them.

"Oh, it's raining flowers!" they all cried, and held up their hands and caught them.

But Arabella pointed up in the tree and laughed, and said: "Oh, I see my naughty, funny papa up in the tree! I know who tumbled the flowers on our heads! I know! I know! I know!"

And Araminta pointed up in the tree, and said: "Oh, I see my naughty, funny papa up in the tree! I know who tumbled the flowers on our heads! I know! I know! I know!"

And all the children laughed and looked up in the tree and pointed.

"We see you up in the tree!" they cried. "We see you up there in the branches! We know who tumbled the flowers on our heads! We know! we know!"

And then that funny papa sat out on a bough of the tree and sang them this song:

"I should not think a turtle-dove
 Could sit up in a tree,
And hold by his two little feet,
 While making melody.

"I wonder why the pigeons
 Have never learned to write;
Such bright-eyed, clever little birds,
 I really think they might!

"I can't think why a cherry tree
 Should never raise a pear,
But always cherries, cherries red,
 A-bobbing in the air.

"I don't see how an apple
 In one summer can learn how
To grow up from a blossom
 And hang upon a bough.

"What would you do, what could you do,
 If some fine summer day
The leaves should all be faces,
 And watch you while you play?

"Suppose this tree should change its mind
 Before another spring,
And turn into a giant,
 And tell us everything?"

And the children all cried: "Tell it again! Tell it again!"

And so he sang it again. And then he jumped down from the tree, while all the children stood about and laughed and clapped their hands.

And then the dinner was over, and they played more games; and Arabella's and Araminta's papa played with them,—that dear good papa played with them. And they had a splendid time. I am sure they will always remember, they had such a splendid time.

And then it was half-past five, and the party went home,—all the five little girls and the five little boys,—and the party was over.

And that night, when Arabella went to bed, she stood on tiptoe and looked in the glass, and said: "I'm five years old, I'm not four any more; and I'm certainly, certainly growing."

And Araminta stood on tiptoe beside Arabella, and looked in the glass, and said: "I'm five years old, I'm not four any more; and I'm certainly, certainly growing."

FIVE LITTLE BROTHERS

Five little brothers set out together
To journey the livelong day.
In a curious carriage all made of leather
They hurried away, away!
One big brother, and three quite small,
And one wee fellow no size at all.

The carriage was dark and none too roomy,
And they could not move about;
The five little brothers grew very gloomy,
And the wee one began to pout,
Till the biggest one whispered, "What do
you say?
Let's leave the carriage and run away!"

So out they scampered, the five together,
And off and away they sped!
When somebody found the carriage of leather,
Oh, my, how she shook her head!
'Twas her little boy's shoe, as every one
knows,
And the five little brothers were five little
toes.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE¹

The cat and the mouse played in a malt house. The cat bit off the mouse's tail.

"Pray, Puss, give me my tail again."

"No," said the cat, "I'll not give you your tail again till you go to the cow and fetch me some milk."

First she leaped, and then she ran,
Till she came to the cow and thus began:

"Pray, Cow, give me some milk that I may give it to the cat, so she may give me my tail again."

"No," said the cow, "I'll give you no milk till you go to the farmer and get me some hay."

First she leaped, and then she ran,
Till she came to the farmer and thus began:

"Pray, Farmer, give me some hay that I may give it to the cow, so she may give me some milk that I may give it to the cat, so she may give me my tail again."

"No," said the farmer, "I'll give you no hay till you go to the butcher and fetch me some meat."

¹ From "*For the Children's Hour*." By permission of the publishers, Milton Bradley Co.

First she leaped, and then she ran,
Till she came to the butcher and thus began:

"Pray, Butcher, give me some meat that I may give it to the farmer, so he may give me some hay that I may give it to the cow, so she may give me some milk that I may give it to the cat, so she may give me my tail again."

"No," said the butcher, "I will give you no meat till you go to the baker and fetch me some bread."

First she leaped, and then she ran,
Till she came to the baker and thus began:

"Pray, Baker, give me some bread that I may give it to the butcher, so he may give me some meat that I may give to the farmer, so he may give me some hay that I may give to the cow, so she may give me some milk that I may give to the cat, so she may give me my tail again."

"Well," said the baker, "I'll give you some bread—
But don't eat my meal, or I'll cut off your head."

The baker gave the mouse bread which she brought to the butcher, the butcher gave the mouse meat which she brought to the farmer,

the farmer gave the mouse hay which she brought to the cow, the cow gave the mouse milk which she brought to the cat, and the cat gave the mouse her tail again.

CAROLYN S. BAILEY.

THE ROBBER KITTEN

A kitten once to its mother said,
"I'll never more be good,
But I'll go and be a robber bold
And live in a dreary wood,
Wood, wood, wood,
And live in a dreary wood."

So off he went to a dreary wood,
And there he met a cock,
And blew his head with a pistol off,
Which gave him an awful shock,
Shock, shock, shock,
Which gave him an awful shock.

Soon after that he met a cat.

"Now give to me your purse
Or I'll shoot you through, and stab you, too,
And kill you, which is worse,
Worse, worse, worse,
And kill you, which is worse."

At last he met a robber dog
And they sat down to drink;
The dog did joke and laugh and sing,
Which made the kitten wink,
Wink, wink, wink,
Which made the kitten wink.

At last they quarreled, then they fought
Beneath the greenwood tree,
And puss was felled with an awful club
Most terrible to see,
See, see, see,
Most terrible to see.

When puss got up his eye was cut,
And swelled, and black and blue,
Moreover all his bones were sore,
Which made this kitten mew,
Mew, mew, mew,
Which made this kitten mew.

So up he got and rubbed his head
And went home very sad.
"O mother dear, behold me here;
I'll nevermore be bad,
Bad, bad, bad,
I'll nevermore be bad."

THE THREE BILLY GOATS GRUFF

Once there were three billy goats named Gruff. They wished to go up on the hillside to eat the fresh green grass that grew there, for they were very lean and hungry and the grass was all gone from their side of the mountain.

But there was a little stream over which they must pass to reach the green hillside, and under the bridge which they must cross lived an ugly old troll.

"I will go first," said the little billy goat Gruff, and he started across the bridge.

Trip, trap, trip, trap, went the bridge.

"Who goes tripping over my bridge?" roared the troll.

"It's I—I'm the little billy goat Gruff," said the little goat. "I go upon the hillside to eat the green grass."

"I think I'll eat you," said the troll.

"Oh, don't do that," said the little goat. "My bigger brother is coming. You'd better eat him."

"Very well," said the troll, and the little goat hurried on, *trip, trap, trip, trap*, over

the bridge, and up on the hillside to eat the green grass.

Soon after the next billy goat Gruff came along.

TRIP, TRAP, TRIP, TRAP, went the bridge.

"Who goes tripping over my bridge?" roared the troll.

"It's I. I'm the second billy goat Gruff. I'm going up on the hillside to eat the green grass."

"I think I'll eat you," said the troll.

"Oh, don't eat me. My big brother is coming. You'd better eat him."

"Well, be off with you," said the troll.

But just then up came the big billy goat Gruff.

TRIP, TRAP, TRIP, TRAP, went the bridge.

"Who goes tripping over my bridge?" roared the troll.

"It's I. I'm the big billy goat Gruff. I go up on the hillside to eat the green grass."

"Now, I'm coming up to eat you," roared the troll.

"COME ON, THEN," said the big billy goat Gruff, who had a great hoarse voice of

his own, and he lowered his horns and when the old troll climbed upon the bridge he struck him a terrible blow and knocked him down into the water, where he was changed into a great stone.

If you go over the bridge you may see it there to this day. And the big billy goat Gruff went TRIP, TRAP, TRIP, TRAP over the bridge and up on the hillside to eat the green grass.

And if the grass is not all gone, the three brother billy goats are eating there yet.

Adapted from the Norwegian.

THE LITTLE RED HEN

Once upon a time there was a little red hen who lived alone in a little house in the wood. A crafty old fox had his home in the wood, and many a time he tried to catch the little red hen and carry her away to his hole, but she always outwitted him.

One day he had crept up close to her house when he saw her come out to fill her apron full of chips to make her fire. Quick as a flash he darted through the door. In came

the little red hen, but when she saw the fox she flew screaming to the rafters.

"Come down," said the fox.

"Oh, no," said the little red hen.

"Then see how I can dance," said the fox, and round and round he danced until the little red hen grew so dizzy that down she fell from the rafters. Quickly the fox popped her into his bag and off he went through the wood with the bag over his shoulder. But he soon became tired and lay down to rest.

The little red hen took her scissors from her pocket and snipped a hole in the bag. Very quietly she crept out and, finding a big stone, she rolled it into the bag and sewed up the hole. And away ran the little red hen to her house, and went in and locked the door.

Soon the fox awoke and, putting the bag on his back, away he ran to his den.

"This little red hen is very heavy," said he. "It is a good supper I shall have to-night."

When he came to his den he called to his old mother:

"Put on the kettle, for it's the little red hen we'll have for our supper."

So the old fox put on the kettle, and when the water boiled they held the sack over the kettle, and out fell the big stone, and splash! went the boiling water all over the fox and his mother, and scalded them to death.

But the little red hen lived happily in her house ever after.

THE LITTLE RED HEN AND THE GRAIN OF WHEAT

One day when the little red hen was scratching in the garden she found a grain of wheat.

"Who will plant this grain of wheat?" said the little red hen.

"I won't," said the cat.

"I won't," said the rat.

"I won't," said the cock.

"I won't," said the duck.

"I won't," said the curly-tailed pig.

"Then I will," said the little red hen, and she did.

The wheat grew and grew, and finally it was ready to cut.

"Who will cut the wheat?" said the little red hen.

"I won't," said the cat.

"I won't," said the rat.

"I won't," said the cock.

"I won't," said the duck.

"I won't," said the curly-tailed pig.

"Then I will," said the little red hen, and she did.

When the wheat was gathered she said, "Who will take this wheat to the mill?"

"I won't," said the cat.

"I won't," said the rat.

"I won't," said the cock.

"I won't," said the duck.

"I won't," said the curly-tailed pig.

"Then I will," said the little red hen, and she did.

When the wheat was ground the little red hen brought it home.

"Now who will make this wheat into bread?" said she.

"I won't," said the cat.

"I won't," said the rat.

"I won't," said the cock.

"I won't," said the duck.

"I won't," said the curly-tailed pig.

"Then I will," said the little red hen.

So she made the bread and baked it, and

when it was done she took it from the oven.

"Now who will help me eat this bread?" said she.

"I will," said the cat.

"I will," said the rat.

"I will," said the cock.

"I will," said the duck.

"I will," said the curly-tailed pig.

"Oh, no, you won't," said the little red hen, and calling the little chickens, they had a feast in the corner of the barnyard, and the cat and the rat and the cock and the duck and the curly-tailed pig did not get even a crumb.

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG

An old woman was sweeping her house and she found a little crooked sixpence.

"What shall I do with this sixpence?" said she. "I will go to market, and buy a little pig."

So the old woman went to market and bought the pig. And as she was coming home she came to a stile; but the pig would not go over the stile. So she said:

"Pig, pig, get over the stile;
Or I shan't get home to-night."

But the pig would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a dog. So she said to the dog:

“Dog, dog, bite pig;
Pig won’t get over the stile;
And I shan’t get home to-night.”

But the dog would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a stick. So she said:

“Stick, stick, beat dog;
Dog won’t bite pig;
Pig won’t get over the stile;
And I shan’t get home to-night.”

But the stick would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a fire. So she said:

“Fire, fire, burn stick;
Stick won’t beat dog;
Dog won’t bite pig;
Pig won’t get over the stile;
And I shan’t get home to-night.”

But the fire would not.

She went a little farther, and she met some water. So she said:

“Water, water, quench fire;
Fire won’t burn stick;
Stick won’t beat dog;

Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the water would not.

She went a little farther, and she met an ox. So she said:

"Ox, ox, drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the ox would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a butcher. So she said:

"Butcher, butcher, kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the butcher would not:

She went a little farther, and she met a rope. So she said:

"Rope, rope, hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the rope would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a rat.
So she said:

"Rat, rat, gnaw rope;
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the rat would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a cat.
So she said:

"Cat, cat, kill rat;
Rat won't gnaw rope;
Rope won't hang butcher;

Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the cat said to her, "If you will go to yonder cow, and fetch me a saucer of milk, I will kill the rat."

So away went the old woman to the cow, and said:

"Cow, cow, give me a saucer of milk;
Cat won't kill rat;
Rat won't gnaw rope;
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the cow said to her, "If you will go to yonder haymakers, and fetch me a wisp of hay, I'll give you the milk." So away went

the old woman to the haymakers, and said:

“Haymakers, give me a wisp of hay;
Cow won't give me milk;
Cat won't kill rat;
Rat won't gnaw rope;
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night.”

But the haymakers said to her, “If you will go to yonder stream, and fetch us a bucket of water, we'll give you the hay.”

So away the old woman went; but when she got to the stream, she found the bucket was full of holes. So she covered the bottom with pebbles, and then filled the bucket with water, and away she went back with it to the haymakers; and they gave her a wisp of hay. As soon as the cow had eaten the hay she gave the old woman the milk; and away she went with it in a saucer to the cat. As soon as the cat had lapped up the milk

The cat began to kill the rat;
The rat began to gnaw the rope;
The rope began to hang the butcher;
The butcher began to kill the ox;
The ox began to drink the water;
The water began to quench the fire;
The fire began to burn the stick;
The stick began to beat the dog;
The dog began to bite the pig;
The little pig in a fright jumped over the stile;
And so the old woman got home that night.

THE LITTLE GRAY PONY¹

There was once a man who owned a little gray pony.

Every morning when the dewdrops were still hanging on the pink clover in the meadows, and the birds were singing their morning song, the man would jump on his pony and ride away, clippety, clippety, clap!

The pony's four small hoofs played the jolliest tune on the smooth pike road, the pony's head was always high in the air, and the pony's two little ears were always pricked up; for he was a merry gray pony, and loved to go clippety, clippety, clap!

¹ From "Mother Stories." By permission of the publishers, Milton Bradley Co.

The man rode to town and to country, to church and to market, up hill and down hill; and one day he heard something fall with a clang on a stone in the road. Looking back, he saw a horseshoe lying there. And when he saw it, he cried out:

“What shall I do? What shall I do?

If my little gray pony has lost a shoe?”

Then down he jumped, in a great hurry, and looked at one of the pony's forefeet; but nothing was wrong. He lifted the other forefoot, but the shoe was still there. He examined one of the hindfeet, and began to think that he was mistaken; but when he looked at the last foot, he cried again:

“What shall I do? What shall I do?

My little gray pony has lost a shoe!”

Then he made haste to go to the blacksmith; and when he saw the smith he called out to him:

“Blacksmith! Blacksmith! I've come to you;

My little gray pony has lost a shoe!”

But the blacksmith answered and said:

“How can I shoe your pony's feet,

Without some coal the iron to heat?”

The man was downcast when he heard this; but he left his little gray pony in the blacksmith's care, while he hurried here and there to buy the coal.

First of all he went to the store; and when he got there he said:

“Storekeeper! Storekeeper! I've come to you;
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!
And I want some coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe my pony's feet.”

But the storekeeper answered and said:

“Now, I have apples and candy to sell,
And more nice things than I can tell;
But I've no coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe your pony's feet.”

Then the man went away, sighing and saying:

“What shall I do? What shall I do?
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!”

By and by he met a farmer coming to town with a wagon full of good things; and he said:

“Farmer! Farmer! I've come to you;
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!
And I want some coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe my pony's feet.”

Then the farmer answered the man and said:

“I’ve bushels of corn and hay and wheat,
Something for you and your pony to eat;
But I’ve no coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe your pony’s feet.”

So the farmer drove away and left the man standing in the road, sighing and saying:

“What shall I do? What shall I do?
My little gray pony has lost a shoe!”

In the farmer’s wagon, full of good things, he saw corn, which made him think of the mill; so he hastened there, and called to the dusty miller:

“Miller! Miller! I’ve come to you;
My little gray pony has lost a shoe,
And I want some coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe my pony’s feet.”

The miller came to the door in surprise; and when he heard what was needed he said:

“I have wheels that go round and round,
And stones to turn till the grain is ground;
But I’ve no coal the iron to heat,
That the blacksmith may shoe your pony’s feet.”

Then the man turned away sorrowfully

and sat down on a rock near the roadside, sighing and saying:

“What shall I do? What shall I do?

My little gray pony has lost a shoe!”

After a while a very old woman came down the road, driving a flock of geese to market; and when she came near the man she stopped to ask him his trouble. He told her all about it; and when she had heard it all she laughed till her geese joined in with a cackle; and she said:

“If you would know where the coal is found,

You must go to the miner, who works in the ground.”

Then the man sprang to his feet, and, thanking the old woman, he ran to the miner. Now the miner had been working many a long day down in the mine, under the ground, where it was so dark that he had to wear a lamp on the front of his cap to light him at his work! He had plenty of black coal ready, and gave great lumps of it to the man, who took them in haste to the blacksmith.

The blacksmith lighted his great red fire, and hammered out four fine new shoes, with a cling! and a clang! and fastened them on with a rap!

and a tap! Then away rode the man on his little gray pony,—clippety, clippety, clap!

MAUD LINDSAY.

THE WIND'S WORK¹

One morning Jan waked up very early, and the first thing he saw when he opened his eyes was his great kite in the corner. His big brother had made it for him; and it had a smiling face, and a long tail that reached from the bed to the fireplace. It did not smile at Jan that morning though, but looked very sorrowful and seemed to say, "Why was I made? Not to stand in a corner, I hope!" for it had been finished for two whole days and not a breeze had blown to carry it up like a bird in the air.

Jan jumped out of bed, dressed himself, and ran to the door to see if the windmill on the hill was at work; for he hoped that the wind had come in the night. But the mill was silent and its arms stood still. Not even a leaf turned over in the yard.

The windmill stood on a high hill where all the people could see it, and when its long

¹ From "Mother Stories." By permission of the publishers, Milton Bradley Co.

arms went whirling around every one knew that there was no danger of being hungry, for then the miller was busy from morn to night grinding the grain that the farmers brought him.

When Jan looked out, however, the miller had nothing to do, and was standing in his doorway, watching the clouds, and saying to himself (though Jan could not hear him):

“Oh! how I wish the wind would blow,
So that my windmill's sails might go,
To turn my heavy millstones round!
For corn and wheat must both be ground,
And how to grind I do not know
Unless the merry wind will blow.”

He sighed as he spoke, for he looked down in the village, and saw the baker in neat cap and apron, standing idle too.

The baker's ovens were cold, and his trays were clean, and he, too, was watching the sky, and saying:

“Oh! how I wish the wind would blow,
So that the miller's mill might go,
And grind me flour so fine, to make
My good light bread and good sweet cake!
But how to bake I do not know
Without the flour as white as snow.”

Jan heard every word that the baker said, for he lived next door to him; and he felt so sorry for his good neighbor that he wanted to tell him so. But before he had time to speak, somebody else called out from across the street:

“Well! I’m sure I wish the wind would blow,
For this is washing day, you know.
I’ve scrubbed and rubbed with all my might,
In tubs of foam from morning light,
And now I want the wind to blow
To dry my clothes as white as snow.”

This was the washerwoman, who was hanging out her clothes. Jan could see his own Sunday shirt, with ruffles, hanging limp on her line, and it was as white as a snowflake, sure enough!

“Come over, little neighbor,” cried the washerwoman, when she saw Jan. “Come over, little neighbor, and help me work to-day!” So, as soon as Jan had eaten his breakfast, he ran over to carry her basket for her. The basket was heavy, but he did not care; and as he worked he heard some one singing a song,¹ with a voice almost as loud and as strong as the wind.

¹ *Air: “Nancy Lee.”*

"Oh! if the merry wind would blow,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho! yeo ho!
My gallant ship would gayly go,
Yeo ho! lads, ho! yeo ho!
In fresh'ning gales we'd loose our sails,
And o'er the sea,
Where blue waves dance, and sunbeams glance,
We'd sail in glee,
But winds must blow, before we go
Across the sea,
Yeo ho! my lads, yeo ho!"

Jan and the washerwoman and all the neighbors looked out to see who was singing so cheerily, and it was the sea-captain whose white ship Jan had watched in the harbor. The ship was laden with linen and laces for fine ladies, but it could not go till the wind blew. The captain was impatient to be off, and so he walked about town, singing his jolly song to keep himself happy.

Jan thought it was a beautiful song, and when he went home he tried to sing it himself. He did not know all the words, but he put his hands in his pockets and swelled out his little chest and sang in as big a voice as he could: "Yeo ho! my lads, yeo ho!"

While he sang, something kissed him on

the cheek; and when he turned to see what it was his hat spun off into the yard as if it were enchanted; and when he ran to pick his hat up he heard a whispering all through the town. He looked up, and he looked down, and on every side, but saw nobody! At last the golden weather vane on the church tower called down:

“Foolish child, it is the wind from out of the east.”

The trees had been the first to know of its coming, and they were bowing and bending to welcome it; while the leaves danced off the branches and down the hill, in a whirl of delight.

The windmill's arms whirled round, oh! so fast, and the wheat was ground into white flour for the baker, who kindled his fires and beat his eggs in the twinkling of an eye; and he was not quicker than the sea-captain, who loosed his sails in the fresh'ning gales, just as he had said he would, and sailed away to foreign lands.

Jan watched him go, and then ran in great haste to get his kite; for the petticoats on the washerwoman's clothesline were puffed

up like balloons, and all the world was astir.

"Now I'm in my proper place," said the kite as it sailed over the roofs of the houses, over the tree tops, over the golden weather vane, and even over the windmill itself. Higher, higher, higher it flew, as if it had wings; till it slipped away from the string, and Jan never saw it again, and only the wind knew where it landed at last.

MAUD LINDSAY.

CHICKEN LICKEN

One day as Chicken Licken was scratching under the pea vines in the barnyard a pea fell out of a pod and struck her on the head.

"Oh!" said Chicken Licken, "the sky is falling! I must go and tell the king."

So she ran and she ran, until she met Henny Penny.

"Where are you going, Chicken Licken?" said Henny Penny.

"Oh, Henny Penny, the sky is falling, and I'm going to tell the king!"

"How do you know?"

"I saw it with my eyes and I heard it with my ears, and a piece of it fell on my tail!"

"Then I will go with you," said Henny Penny.

So they ran and they ran, until they met Cocky Locky.

"Good morning, Henny Penny," said Cocky Locky. "Where are you going?"

"Oh, Cocky Locky, the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king!"

"How do you know?"

"Chicken Licken told me."

"I saw it with my eyes and I heard it with my ears, and a piece of it fell on my tail," said Chicken Licken.

"Then I will go with you," said Cocky Locky.

So they ran and they ran, until they met Ducky Lucky.

"Good morning, Cocky Locky, Henny Penny, and Chicken Licken," said Ducky Lucky. "Where are you going?"

"The sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king."

"How do you know?"

"Henny Penny told me," said Cocky Locky.

"Chicken Licken told me," said Henny Penny.

"I saw it with my eyes and I heard it with my ears, and a piece of it fell on my tail," said Chicken Licken.

"Then I will go with you," said Ducky Lucky.

So they ran and they ran, until they met Turkey Lurkey.

"Good morning, Ducky Lucky, Cocky Locky, Henny Penny, and Chicken Licken," said Turkey Lurkey. "Where are you going?"

"Oh, Turkey Lurkey, the sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king."

"How do you know?" said Turkey Lurkey.

"Cocky Locky told me," said Ducky Lucky.

"Henny Penny told me," said Cocky Locky.

"Chicken Licken told me," said Henny Penny.

"I saw it with my eyes and I heard it with my ears, and a piece of it fell on my tail," said Chicken Licken.

"Then I will go with you," said Turkey Lurkey.

So they ran and they ran, until they came to the woods.

They had not gone far into the woods when they met Foxy Loxy.

"Good morning, Turkey Lurkey, Ducky Lucky, Cocky Locky, Henny Penny, and Chicken Licken. Where are you going?"

"The sky is falling, and we are going to tell the king."

"Do you know where to go?"

"No," said they.

"Follow me, and I will show you," said Foxy Loxy.

So they all followed him into the deep woods. By and by they came to a rocky cavern in the hillside.

"Walk in here," said Foxy Loxy. And Turkey Lurkey, Ducky Lucky, Cocky Locky, Henny Penny, and Chicken Licken all walked into Foxy Loxy's den—and though he was seen to come out, no one ever saw those foolish birds again, and the king was never told that the sky was falling.

THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A VINEGAR BOTTLE

Once there was an old woman who lived in a vinegar bottle.

One day she went to market to buy a loaf of bread, a pat of butter, and a little fish for her supper. When she was returning home she had to cross a bridge over a stream. Just before she came to the stream the little fish poked his head out of the paper and said, "Oh, please, little old woman, don't cook me for your supper. I don't want to be fried in a pan."

"But I must," said the little old woman, "I have nothing else for my supper."

"Please, please, throw me into the water," said the little fish, "and maybe some day I can do something for you." And he pleaded so hard that the old woman threw him into the water. He looked up and said, "Thank you, old woman," and then he disappeared.

So the old woman went home, and that night she had only bread and butter and tea for her supper.

The next morning when she was sweeping her house she found a bright new silver quarter. "There," said she, "the little fish has sent me this." And when she had finished her work she went again to market.

This time she bought a piece of meat for her supper. When she was coming home

what should she see in the water but the little fish. So she stopped and called out, "Thank you, little fish, for the silver quarter you sent me, but oh, little fish, I wish I had a little house to live in. It is very difficult keeping house in a vinegar bottle. One has so little room."

"Go home," said the little fish, "and perhaps you will have your wish." So the old woman went home, but when she got there the vinegar bottle was gone and in its place stood a neat little house.

The old woman went in and was very happy for a few days with her housekeeping. But soon she began to wish for a larger house. This one was altogether too small.

So the old woman went down to the bridge and called, "Little fish, little fish, I've got another wish!"

"Oh, is it you, old woman?" said the little fish. "What is it you want now?"

"The little house was very nice, little fish," said the old woman, "but it is quite too small for me. I want a large house, so that I may have company, and I want a little girl to help me take care of it."

"Well, well," said the little fish, "we will see," and down he went under the water.

The old woman hurried home, but when she came in sight of the place the little house was gone and there stood a fine large one and a dear little girl was sweeping off the steps.

The old woman was greatly pleased, and she and the little girl were very happy for a time. They gave parties and they went to market and to church together.

But one day the old woman thought how very nice it would be if they had a little pony and cart so that they might drive.

She hurried down to the bridge and leaning over she called, "Little fish, little fish, I've got another wish!"

"What, another wish?" said the little fish, looking up out of the water. "What do you wish for this time?"

"I want a little pony and a cart so that my little girl and I can drive. It is very tiresome having to walk everywhere one goes," said the little old woman.

"Well," said the little fish, "go home, and maybe you will have your wish."

Away went the old woman, and when she

got home what should she see but a little pony and cart tied in front of her house.

The old woman was delighted, and she and the little girl had a beautiful time driving to church and to market and to the park when their work was finished.

.But one day the old woman thought how fine it would be if they had a big strong horse and a carriage with two seats so that they might take their friends driving. So she said to herself, "I'll go and tell the little fish."

Down to the bridge she ran and called, "Little fish, little fish, I've got another wish!"

"Another wish, old woman?" said the little fish from the water. "What is it you want now?"

"I want a larger horse and a carriage with two seats, so that we may take our friends with us when we go driving. That little pony can go neither very fast nor very far."

"You want too many things, old woman," said the little fish. "I can do no more for you," and he swam away under the water and the old woman never saw him again.

When she reached home the fine house, the little girl, and the pony and cart were gone, and there stood the old vinegar bottle.

Adapted.

JOHNNY AND THE THREE GOATS

Every morning Johnny drove his three goats to pasture and every evening when the sun was going to bed he brought them home.

One morning he set off bright and early, driving the goats before him and whistling as he trudged along. Just as he reached Mr. Smith's turnip field what should he see but a broken board in the fence. The goats saw it too, and in they skipped and began running round and round the field, stopping now and then to nip off the tops of the tender young turnips.

Johnny knew that would never do. Picking up a stick, he climbed through the fence and tried to drive the goats out. But never were there such provoking goats. Round and round they went, not once looking toward the hole in the fence. Johnny ran and ran and ran till he could run no farther, and then he crawled through the hole in the fence and

sat down beside the road and began to cry.

Just then who should come down the road but the fox.

"Good morning, Johnny!" said he. "What are you crying about?"

"I'm crying because I can't get the goats out of the turnip field," said Johnny.

"Oh, don't cry about that," said the fox. "I'll drive them out for you."

So over the fence leaped the fox, and round and round the turnip field he ran after the goats. But no, they would not go out. They flicked their tails and shook their heads and away they went, trampling down the turnips until you could hardly have told what had been growing in the field.

The fox ran till he could run no more. Then he went over and sat down beside Johnny, and he began to cry.

Down the road came a rabbit. "Good morning, Fox," said he. "What are you crying about?"

"I'm crying because Johnny is crying," said the fox, "and Johnny is crying because he can't get the goats out of the turnip field."

"Oh, don't cry about that," said the rabbit. "I'll chase them out for you."

Through the fence hopped the rabbit, and round and round the field he chased the goats, but they would not go out, and finally the rabbit gave up the chase and went out into the road and sat down beside the fox, and he began to cry.

Just then a bee came buzzing along over the tops of the flowers.

When she saw the rabbit she said, "Good morning, Bunny, what are you crying about?"

"I'm crying because the fox is crying," said the rabbit, "and the fox is crying because Johnny is crying, and Johnny is crying because he can't get the goats out of the turnip field."

"Don't cry about that," said the bee, "I'll soon get them out for you."

"You!" said the rabbit, "a little thing like you drive the goats out, when neither Johnny, nor the fox, nor I can get them out?" And he laughed at the very idea of such a thing.

"Watch me," said the bee, and over the

fence she flew and buzz-zz-zz she went right in the ear of the biggest goat.

The goat shook his head and tried to brush away the bee, but the bee only flew to the other ear and buzz-zz-zz she went, until the goat thought there must be some dreadful thing in the turnip field, so out through the hole in the fence he went, and ran down the road to his pasture.

The bee flew over to the second goat and buzz-zz she went first in one ear and then in the other, until that goat was willing to follow the other through the fence and down the road to the pasture.

The bee flew after the third goat and buzzed first in one ear and then in the other until he too was glad to follow the others.

"Thank you, little bee," said Johnny, and, wiping away his tears, he hurried down the road to put the goats in the pasture.

Adapted from the Norwegian.

JOHNNY-CAKE¹

Once upon a time there was an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy. One

¹ From "English Fairy Tales." By permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

morning the old woman made a Johnny-cake, and put it in the oven to bake. "You watch the Johnny-cake while your father and I go out to work in the garden." So the old man and the old woman went out and began to hoe potatoes, and left the little boy to tend the oven. But he didn't watch it all the time, and all of a sudden he heard a noise, and he looked up and the oven door popped open, and out of the oven jumped Johnny-cake, and went rolling along end over end, toward the open door of the house. The little boy ran to shut the door, but Johnny-cake was too quick for him and rolled through the door, down the steps, and out into the road long before the little boy could catch him. The little boy ran after him as fast as he could clip it, crying out to his father and mother, who heard the uproar, and threw down their hoes and gave chase too. But Johnny-cake outran all three a long way, and was soon out of sight, while they had to sit down, all out of breath, on a bank to rest.

On went Johnny-cake, and by and by he came to two well-diggers who looked up from

their work and called out: "Where ye going, Johnny-cake?"

He said: "I've outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy, and I can outrun you too-o-o!"

"Ye can, can ye? We'll see about that!" said they; and they threw down their picks and ran after him, but couldn't catch up with him, and soon they had to sit down by the roadside to rest.

On ran Johnny-cake, and by and by he came to two ditch-diggers who were digging a ditch. "Where ye going, Johnny-cake?" said they. He said: "I've outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy, and two well-diggers, and I can outrun you too-o-o!"

"Ye can, can ye? We'll see about that!" said they; and they threw down their spades, and ran after him too. But Johnny-cake soon outstripped them also, and seeing they could never catch him, they gave up the chase and sat down to rest.

On went Johnny-cake, and by and by he came to a bear. The bear said: "Where are ye going, Johnny-cake?"

He said: "I've outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy, and two well-diggers, and two ditch-diggers, and I can outrun you too-o-o!"

"Ye can, can ye?" growled the bear. "We'll see about that!" and trotted as fast as his legs could carry him after Johnny-cake, who never stopped to look behind him. Before long the bear was left so far behind that he saw he might as well give up the hunt first as last, so he stretched himself out by the roadside to rest.

On went Johnny-cake, and by and by he came to a wolf. The wolf said: "Where ye going, Johnny-cake?"

He said: "I've outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy, and two well-diggers, and two ditch-diggers, and a bear, and I can outrun you too-o-o!"

"Ye can, can ye?" snarled the wolf. "We'll see about that!" And he set into a gallop after Johnny-cake, who went on and on so fast that the wolf too saw there was no hope of overtaking him, and he too lay down to rest.

On went Johnny-cake, and by and by he

came to a fox that lay quietly in a corner of the fence. The fox called out in a sharp voice, but without getting up: "Where ye going, Johnny-cake?"

He said: "I've outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy, and two well-diggers, and two ditch-diggers, a bear, and a wolf, and I can outrun you too-o-o!"

The fox said: "I can't quite hear you, Johnny-cake, won't you come a little closer?" turning his head a little to one side.

Johnny-cake stopped his race for the first time, and went a little closer, and called out in a very loud voice: "*I've outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy, and two well-diggers, and two ditch-diggers, and a bear, and a wolf, and I can outrun you too-o-o!*"

"Can't quite hear you; won't you come a *little* closer?" said the fox in a feeble voice, as he stretched out his neck toward Johnny-cake, and put one paw behind his ear.

Johnny-cake came up close, and leaning toward the fox screamed out: "I'VE OUTRUN AN OLD MAN, AND AN OLD WOMAN, AND A LITTLE BOY, AND TWO WELL-DIGGERS, AND

TWO DITCH-DIGGERS, AND A BEAR, AND A WOLF, AND I CAN OUTFIGHT YOU TOO-O-O!"

"You can, can you?" yelled the fox, and he snapped up the Johnny-cake in his sharp teeth in the twinkling of an eye.

JOSEPH JACOBS.

TITTY MOUSE AND TATTY MOUSE

Titty Mouse and Tatty Mouse both lived in a house.

Titty Mouse went a-leasing and Tatty Mouse went a-leasing,

So they both went a-leasing.

Titty Mouse leased an ear of corn, and Tatty Mouse leased an ear of corn,

So they both leased an ear of corn.

Titty Mouse made a pudding, and Tatty Mouse made a pudding,

So they both made a pudding.

And Tatty Mouse put her pudding into the pot to boil,

But when Titty went to put hers in, the pot tumbled over, and scalded her to death.

Then Tatty sat down and wept; then a three-legged stool said: "Tatty, why do you weep?" "Titty's dead," said Tatty, "and

¹ From "English Fairy Tales." By permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

so I weep." "Then," said the stool, "I'll hop," so the stool hopped.

Then a broom in the corner of the room said: "Stool, why do you hop?" "Oh!" said the stool, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and so I hop." "Then," said the broom, "I'll sweep," so the broom began to sweep.

Then, said the door, "Broom, why do you sweep?" "Oh!" said the broom, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and so I sweep." "Then," said the door, "I'll jar," so the door jarred.

Then, said the window, "Door, why do you jar?" "Oh!" said the door, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, and so I jar."

"Then," said the window, "I'll creak," so the window creaked. Now there was an old form outside the house, and when the window creaked the form said: "Window, why do you creak?" "Oh!" said the window, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, the door jars, and so I creak."

"Then," said the old form, "I'll run round the house"; then the old form ran

round the house. Now there was a fine, large walnut tree growing by the cottage, and the tree said to the form: "Form, why do you run round the house?" "Oh!" said the form, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, the door jars, and the window creaks, and so I run round the house."

"Then," said the walnut tree, "I'll shed my leaves," so the walnut tree shed all its beautiful green leaves. Now there was a little bird perched on one of the boughs of the tree, and when all the leaves fell it said: "Walnut tree, why do you shed your leaves?" "Oh!" said the tree, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, the door jars, and the window creaks, the old form runs round the house, and so I shed my leaves."

"Then," said the little bird, "I'll moult all my feathers," so he moulted all his pretty feathers. Now there was a little girl walking below, carrying a jug of milk for her brothers' and sisters' supper, and when she saw the poor little bird moult all its feathers, she said: "Little bird, why do you moult all your

feathers?" "Oh!" said the little bird, "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, the door jars, and the window creaks, the old form runs round the house, the walnut tree sheds its leaves, and so I moult all my feathers."

"Then," said the little girl, "I'll spill the milk," so she dropped the pitcher and spilled the milk. Now there was an old man just by on the top of a ladder, thatching a rick, and when he saw the little girl spill the milk he said: "Little girl, what do you mean by spilling the milk? Your little brothers and sisters must go without their supper." Then said the little girl: "Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, the door jars, and the window creaks, the old form runs round the house, the walnut tree sheds all its leaves, the little bird moults all its feathers, and so I spill the milk."

"Oh!" said the old man, "then I'll tumble off the ladder and break my neck," so he tumbled off the ladder and broke his neck, and when the old man broke his neck the great walnut tree fell down with a crash and upset the old form and house, and the house,

falling, knocked the window out, and the window knocked the door down, and the door upset the broom, and the broom upset the stool, and poor little Tatty Mouse was buried beneath the ruins.

JOSEPH JACOBS.

THE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS

Once upon a time there were three bears who lived together in a house of their own in a wood. One of them was a great huge father bear, and one was a middle-sized mother bear, and the other was a little wee baby bear.

They each had a bowl for their porridge: a great bowl for the father bear, and a middle-sized bowl for the mother bear, and a wee little bowl for the little bear. And they had each a chair to sit in: a great chair for the father bear, and a middle-sized chair for the mother bear, and a little chair for the little bear. And they had each a bed to sleep in: a great bed for the father bear, and a middle-sized bed for the mother bear, and a little bed for the little bear.

One day after they had made the porridge

for their breakfast, and poured it into their porridge pots, they walked out into the wood while the porridge was cooling, that they might not burn their mouths by beginning too soon to eat it. And while they were out, a little old woman came to the house.

She was a very inquisitive little old woman, for first she looked in the window, then she lifted the latch and opened the door and walked in.

There on the table she saw the three bowls of porridge, and she set about helping herself.

First she tasted the porridge of the great huge bear, and that was too hot for her.

Then she tasted the porridge of the middle-sized bear, and that was too cold for her.

And then she went to the porridge of the little wee bear, and that was neither too cold nor too hot, but just right, and she liked it so well that she ate it all up.

Then the little old woman sat down in the chair of the great huge bear, and that was too hard for her.

Then she sat down in the chair of the middle-sized bear, and that was too soft for her.

And then she sat down in the chair of the little wee bear, and that was neither too hard nor too soft, but just right, so she seated herself there, but she sat down so hard that the bottom fell out.

Then the little old woman went upstairs to the bed chamber where the three bears slept.

First she lay down upon the bed of the great huge bear, but that was too high.

Then she lay down on the bed of the middle-sized bear, but that was too low for her.

And then she lay down upon the bed of the little wee bear, and that was neither too high nor too low, but just right, so she lay there till she fell fast asleep.

But by this time the three bears thought their porridge would be cool enough, so they came home to breakfast.

Now the little old woman had left the spoon of the great father bear standing in his porridge.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TASTING MY PORRIDGE," said the father bear in his great gruff voice.

And when the mother bear looked at hers

she saw that the spoon was standing in it too.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TASTING MY PORRIDGE," said the mother bear in her middle-sized voice.

Then the little wee bear looked at his, and there was the spoon in the bowl, but the porridge was all gone.

"Somebody has been tasting my porridge, and has eaten it all up," said the little wee bear in his little wee voice.

Upon this the three bears began to look about them. Now the little old woman had not put the cushion straight when she rose from the chair of the great huge bear.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR," said the father bear in his great gruff voice.

Now the little old woman had knocked down the cushion from the chair of the middle-sized bear.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR," said the mother bear in her middle-sized voice.

Now you know what the little old woman had done to the chair of the little bear.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has sat the bottom out of it," said the little wee bear in his little wee voice.

Then the three bears decided to make further search, so they went upstairs into their bed chamber. Now the little old woman had pulled the pillow of the great huge bear out of its place.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED," said the father bear in his great gruff voice.

And the little old woman had pulled off the coverlet of the middle-sized bear.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED," said the mother bear in her middle-sized voice.

When the little wee bear came to look at his bed, there was the coverlet in its place, and the pillow in its place, and there on the bed was the little old woman.

"Somebody has been lying on my bed, and here she is," said the little wee bear in his little wee voice.

The little old woman had heard in her sleep the great gruff voice of the father bear, but it sounded in her sleep like the rumbling of

thunder; and she had heard the middle-sized voice of the mother bear, but it was only as if she had heard some one speaking in a dream; but when she heard the little wee voice of the little wee bear, it was so sharp and so shrill that it wakened her at once.

Up she started, and when she saw the three bears at one side of the bed she tumbled herself out at the other, and ran to the window. Now the window was open and out the little old woman jumped and away she ran into the wood, and what became of her I cannot tell, but the three bears never saw anything more of her.

GOLDEN HAIR AND THE THREE BEARS

Once upon a time there were three bears who lived in a little house in the forest.

There was the great huge father bear and the middle-sized mother bear and the tiny baby bear.

One morning the mother bear made the porridge for their breakfast and poured it into their bowls to cool, a great big bowl for the father bear and a middle-sized bowl for

the mother bear and a little wee bowl for the baby bear.

"Now, my dears," said the father bear, "we will go for a walk while our porridge is cooling."

So the great huge father bear and the middle-sized mother bear and the tiny baby bear all went for a walk in the woods.

Near the woods where the bears lived there lived a little girl whose hair was so yellow that she was called "Golden Hair." She loved to gather the flowers that grew among the grass and under the trees.

On this morning she said to her mother, "Please, mother, let me go and gather some flowers, they are so beautiful to-day."

"If you will not go into the deep woods, you may go," said her mother.

"No, I will not go far," said Golden Hair, but she was a very thoughtless little girl, and she went on and on, gathering flowers, until she had a great bunch, as many as her hands could hold, but when she looked up she was in the heart of the deep woods. No one answered when she called, and she ran on and on, until she was too tired to run any farther.

Just then she saw a little house not far away among the trees. "Some one here will surely tell me the way home," said the little girl, and she ran to the little house and knocked on the door.

No one answered, so Golden Hair opened the door and walked in. On the table she saw three bowls of porridge. She was very hungry, so she ran to the table and tasted the porridge in the great big bowl, but it was very salt; then she tasted the porridge in the middle-sized bowl, but that was too sweet; so she tasted the porridge in the little wee bowl, and that was just right, and she ate and she ate until the porridge was all gone.

She looked around the room and she saw three chairs, a great huge chair and a middle-sized chair and a little wee chair. First she sat down in the great huge chair, but that was too high for her; and then she sat down in the middle-sized chair, but that was too low for her; so then she sat down in the little wee chair, and that was just right, and she rocked and she rocked until she fell over and broke the chair.

Then Golden Hair thought she would go upstairs and see what there might be up there. There she saw three beds, a great huge bed and a middle-sized bed and a little wee bed. First she lay down on the great huge bed, but that was too hard for her; so then she lay down on the middle-sized bed, but that was too soft for her; so then she tried the little wee bed, and that was so comfortable that before she knew it she was fast asleep.

Just then the three bears who lived in the house came home from their walk. Seeing the door open, they hurried in.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN EATING MY PORRIDGE!" growled the great huge bear.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN EATING MY PORRIDGE!" snarled the middle-sized bear.

"Somebody has been at my porridge and eaten it all up!" cried the little wee bear.

Then the bears looked around to see who had been in their house.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!" growled the great huge bear.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!" snarled the middle-sized bear.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair and broke it to pieces!" cried the little wee bear.

Then the bears decided to go upstairs to look for the intruder. The great huge bear went first, and the middle-sized bear came next, and last of all came the little wee bear.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED!" growled the great huge bear.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED!" snarled the middle-sized bear.

"Somebody has been lying on my bed," cried the little wee bear, *"and here she is!"*

Now the voice of the great huge bear had sounded to Golden Hair like thunder; and the voice of the middle-sized bear had sounded like the wind in the tree tops; but the voice of the little wee bear was so shrill that it woke her up.

When she opened her eyes and saw the three bears looking angrily at her she was so frightened that she rolled off the bed on the farther side and, running to the window, she jumped out.

On and on she ran until finally she came to the path that led to her home. When she reached her home she was so tired she could hardly tell her mother what a naughty child she had been, and she never again strayed into the heart of the deep woods where the bears lived.

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

Once upon a time there was an old mother pig who had three little pigs. The name of the first was Whitey, for he was all white; the name of the second was Blacky, for he was all black; and the name of the third was Spotty, for he was black and white.

One day the old mother pig called the three little pigs and said to them:

"My dear little pigs, it is time for you to go out in the world and seek your fortune. You must each build a house for yourself, but be sure to build your house of brick, for if you do not the old wolf will come and eat you up. I have here a carrot, and a potato, and a turnip. You, Whitey, may take your choice, for you are the eldest and must go first."

Whitey chose the carrot. He put it under his arm, and said good-by to his mother and brothers, and off he started to seek his fortune.

He had not gone far before he met a man carrying some glass. He said to himself, "I think a glass house would be nicer than a brick one." So he said, "Man, man, will you give me some glass to make a house? For I have none to live in."

"Certainly I will, little pig," said the man. So the little pig made himself a nice glass house, and sat down inside to eat his carrot.

Before very long the old wolf came by. When he saw the little pig in the glass house he went to the door and knocked.

"Tiny pig, tiny pig, let me come in," said the old wolf.

"No, no, by the hair on my chinny, chin, chin!" said the tiny pig.

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff till I blow your house in," said the wolf, and he did, and ate up the tiny pig, and that was the end of the first little pig.

Blacky was the next little pig to seek his fortune. He chose the turnip, but he ate it

up at once. Then saying good-by he went off down the road. He had not gone far before he met a man carrying paper. He said to himself, for he was a lazy little pig, "I think a paper house would be easier to build than a brick one." So he said, "Man, man, will you give me some paper to make a house? For I have none to live in."

"Certainly I will, little pig," said the man. So the little pig made himself a paper house and went to sleep inside.

Presently the old wolf came by, and he went to the door and knocked.

"Tiny pig, tiny pig, let me come in, or I'll huff and I'll puff till I blow your house in!"

But the tiny pig did not hear, for he was asleep. So the old wolf huffed and puffed, but he could not break the house in. But, before long, a shower of rain came up. The paper house got wet, and the old wolf huffed and puffed and got in, and ate up the tiny pig, and that was the end of the second little pig.

Now it was Spotty's turn to seek his fortune. The potato was left for him, and putting it in a little basket and hanging it on

his arm, he said good-by to his mother and went off down the road. First he met a man carrying glass, but he remembered what his mother had said and he did not ask for any glass.

Next he met a man carrying paper, but he remembered what his mother had said and did not ask for any paper.

He walked on and on, till at last he met a man carrying bricks.

"Man, man, will you give me some bricks to build a house? For I have none to live in."

"Certainly I will, little pig," said the man. So the little pig built himself a nice brick house, with a door and a window and a fine red chimney. He went inside and made a fire in the stove and put on the potato to boil.

Presently the old wolf came by. He did not look so pleasant when he saw this little pig's house, but he went to the door and knocked, and he said:

"Tiny pig, tiny pig, let me come in!"

"No, no, not by the hair on my chinny, chin, chin!" said the tiny pig.

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff till I blow your house in!" said the old wolf.

So he huffed and puffed, but he could not blow the house in. Then he sat down to wait for a shower of rain. But, when the rain came, he huffed and he puffed, but still he could not blow the house in, so then he went to the door and said:

"Tiny pig, tiny pig, won't you let the tip of my nose in?"

"No," said the tiny pig.

"Tiny pig, tiny pig, won't you let me put my paw in?"

"No," said the tiny pig.

"Tiny pig, tiny pig, won't you let me put the tip of my ear in?"

"No," said the tiny pig.

"Tiny pig, tiny pig, will you let the tip of my tail in?"

"No," said the tiny pig.

"Then I will climb up on the roof and come down through the chimney," said the wolf.

But the tiny pig made the fire hotter, and when the old wolf came down the chimney he was burned up, and that was the end of him.

The tiny pig sent for his mother and they ate the potato together and lived happily ever after in the little brick house.

THE STORY OF THE THREE LITTLE PIGS¹

Once upon a time when pigs spoke rhyme,
And monkeys chewed tobacco,
And hens took snuff to make them tough,
And ducks went quack, quack, quack, O!

There was an old sow with three little pigs, and as she had not enough to keep them, she sent them out to seek their fortune. The first that went off met a man with a bundle of straw, and said to him:

"Please, man, give me that straw to build me a house."

Which the man did, and the little pig built a house with it. Presently came along a wolf, and knocked at the door, and said:

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

To which the pig answered:

"No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin!"

The wolf then answered to that:

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he blew his house in, and ate up the little pig.

¹ From "English Fairy Tales." By permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

The second little pig met a man with a bundle of furze, and said:

"Please, man, give me that furze to build a house."

Which the man did, and the pig built his house. Then along came the wolf, and said:

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin!"

"Then I'll puff, and I'll huff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he puffed, and he huffed, and at last he blew the house down, and he ate up the little pig.

The third little pig met a man with a load of bricks, and said:

"Please, man, give me those bricks to build a house with."

So the man gave him the bricks, and he built his house with them. And the wolf came, as he did to the other little pigs, and said:

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin!"

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

Well, he huffed, and he puffed, and he huffed, and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed; but he could *not* get the house down. When he found that he could not, with all his huffing and puffing, blow the house down, he said:

"Little pig, I know where there is a nice field of turnips."

"Where?" said the little pig.

"Oh, in Mr. Smith's Home-field, and if you will be ready to-morrow morning I will call for you, and we will go together, and get some for dinner."

"Very well," said the little pig, "I will be ready. What time do you mean to go?"

"Oh, at six o'clock."

Well, the little pig got up at five, and got the turnips before the wolf came (which he did about six) and who said:

"Little pig, are you ready?"

The little pig said: "Ready! I have been and come back again, and got a nice potful for dinner."

The wolf felt very angry at this, but thought that he would be up to the little pig somehow or other, so he said:

"Little pig, I know where there is a nice apple tree."

"Where?" said the pig.

"Down at Merry-garden," replied the wolf. "If you will not deceive me I will come for you at five o'clock to-morrow and get some apples."

Well, the little pig bustled up the next morning at four o'clock, and went off for the apples, hoping to get back before the wolf came; but he had farther to go, and had to climb the tree, so that just as he was coming down from it he saw the wolf coming, which, as you may suppose, frightened him very much. When the wolf came up he said:

"Little pig, what! are you here before me? Are they nice apples?"

"Yes, very," said the little pig. "I will throw you down one."

And he threw it so far, that, while the wolf was gone to pick it up, the little pig jumped down and ran home. The next day the wolf came again, and said to the little pig:

"Little pig, there is a fair at Shanklin this afternoon. Will you go?"

"Oh, yes," said the pig, "I will go. What time shall you be ready?"

"At three," said the wolf. So the little pig went off before the time as usual, and got to the fair, and bought a butter churn, which he was going home with when he saw the wolf coming. Then he could not tell what to do. So he got into the churn to hide, and by so doing turned it round, and it rolled down the hill with the pig in it, which frightened the wolf so much that he ran home without going to the fair. He went to the little pig's house, and told him how frightened he had been by a great round thing which came down the hill past him. Then the little pig said:

"Hah, I frightened you, then. I had been to the fair and bought a butter churn, and when I saw you I got into it, and rolled down the hill."

Then the wolf was very angry indeed, and declared he *would* eat up the little pig, and that he would get down the chimney after him. When the little pig saw what he was about, he hung on the pot full of water, and made up a blazing fire, and, just as the wolf was coming down, took off the cover, and in fell the wolf. So that was the end of the old

wolf, and the little pig lived happy ever afterward.

JOSEPH JACOBS.

THE SHEEP AND THE PIG THAT BUILT THE HOUSE

There was once upon a time a sheep who stood in his pen to be fattened, so he lived well and every day he had all that he could eat. So it went on until one day when the dairy maid came to bring him his food, she said:

"Eat away, sheep; you won't be here much longer. To-morrow we are going to kill you."

But the sheep ate until he was ready to burst; and when he had finished he butted out the door of his pen and took his way to the neighboring farm.

There he went straight to the pigsty, where there lived a pig whom he had met out on the common.

"Good day," said the sheep, "and thanks for your kindness the last time we met."

"Good day," said the pig, "and the same to you."

"Do you know why they feed you and make you so comfortable?" said the sheep.

"No," said the pig.

"Because they are going to kill you and eat you," said the sheep.

"Much good may it do them," said the pig.

"If you will come with me," said the sheep, "we will go to the woods and build us a house, and there we can live very comfortably."

Yes, the pig was willing. "Good company is a fine thing," he said, and so the two set off.

When they had gone a bit farther they met a goose.

"Good day, good sirs," said the goose, "and thanks for our last merry meeting. Where are you going to-day?"

"Good day to you," said the sheep. "You must know we were too well treated at home, and so we are going to the woods to build a house for ourselves."

"May I go with you?" said the goose. "For it's child's play when three share the day."

"What can you do to build a house?" said the pig.

"I can pull moss and stuff it in the cracks and make your house tight and warm," said the goose.

Yes, she might go with them, for above all things the pig wished to be warm and comfortable.

So when they had gone a little farther, for the goose found it hard work to keep up with them, they met a hare, who came frisking out of the wood.

"Good day, sirs, and thanks for our last merry meeting. How far are you traveling to-day?" said he.

"Good day, and the same to you," said the sheep. "We were far too well off at home, and so we are going to the wood to build us a house; for you know there is nothing like home."

"As for that," said the hare, "I have a home in every bush; but yet I have often said in winter, if I only live till summer I'll build me a house; and so I have half a mind to go with you."

"We might take you along to frighten away the dogs," said the pig, "but I don't know what you can do toward building a house."

"There is always work for willing hands," said the hare. "I have teeth to gnaw pegs, and paws to drive them into the wall, so I can very well set up to be a carpenter."

Yes, he too might go with them and help to build the house.

When they had gone a bit farther they met a cock.

"Good day, good sirs," said the cock, "where are you going to-day, gentlemen?"

"Good day, and the same to you," said the sheep. "At home we were too well off, and so we are going to the woods to build us a house."

"Well," said the cock, "that is just my case. Now, if I might have leave to join such a gallant company, I also would like to go to the woods and build a house."

"How can you ever help us to build a house?" said the pig.

"Oh," said the cock, "I am up early and I can wake every one."

"Very true," said the pig. "Let him come with us."

So they all set off to the wood to build a house. The pig cut down the timber and the

sheep drew it home; the hare was carpenter, and gnawed pegs and bolts, and hammered them into the walls and roof; the goose pulled moss and stuffed it into the cracks; the cock crew and looked out that they did not oversleep in the morning. And when the house was ready, and the roof lined with birch bark and covered with turf, there they lived by themselves and were well and merry.

"'Tis good to travel east and west," said the sheep, "but after all, a home is best."

Adapted from the Norwegian.

DRAKESBILL

Drakesbill was a very little fellow, but he had learned to be a great worker, and all that he earned he hid away for safe keeping, so that before he was grown he had a bagful of gold hidden in the chimney cupboard. But when one has gold pieces the fact is apt to leak out, and soon the king heard of Drakesbill's great wealth. Now the king was always in need of money, so he sent for Drakesbill and asked to borrow the gold of him, assuring him that in a year's time he would pay it back.

Drakesbill was a good fellow, and he readily agreed to loan his majesty his gold.

Then Drakesbill worked harder than ever, thinking that he would surely be a great man some day.

A year went by, two years, but still the king had not returned Drakesbill's money, nor did he answer the letters the little fellow sent him.

Finally Drakesbill said, "I shall have to go to the king and demand my money." So without delay he set off for the king's palace.

The day was fine, and as he walked along, as fresh as a daisy, whom should he meet but his friend Fox returning from his nightly prowling in the barnyards.

"Good morning, Drakesbill," said the fox. "Where are you bound?"

"Oh, I'm going to the king to get my money back," answered Drakesbill.

"Let me go with you," said the fox.

"A friend in need is very convenient," said Drakesbill to himself. "All right, friend Fox," said he, "make yourself very small and creep into my pocket."

The fox did as he was bid, and away went Drakesbill as merry as a grig.

A little farther on Drakesbill came upon his friend Ladder leaning against the wall.

"Good morning, friend," said she. "Whither away this fine spring day?"

"I am going to ask the king to pay me what he owes me," said Drakesbill.

"Let me go with you," said the ladder. "Perhaps I can be of use to you."

"One cannot have too many friends," thought Drakesbill, and aloud he said, "All right; make yourself very small and creep under my wing."

The ladder did as she was bid, and Drakesbill continued on his way. Soon he came to his good friend, the river.

"Good morning, little one," said the river. "Whither are you bound?"

"Oh, I am going to ask the king to pay me my money," said Drakesbill.

"Please let me go with you," said the river. "Perhaps you will need me before your journey is over."

"All right, little friend," said Drakesbill. "Make yourself very small and creep into my pocket."

So the river did as she was bid, and then

Drakesbill went singing along his way. A little farther on he met the waspnest out for an airing.

"Good morning, neighbor," said the waspnest. "Where are you going?"

"I am going to ask the king to pay me what he owes me," said Drakesbill.

"Let me go with you," said the waspnest. "I have never seen the king."

"It is better to be on the right side of a waspnest," thought Drakesbill. "Come, then, friend Waspnest," said he; "make yourself very small and creep into my pocket."

So the waspnest made itself very small, and the wasps packed themselves closely together and stored themselves away in Drakesbill's pocket, while he continued on his way.

By and by he came to the king's palace. Reaching up as high as he could, Drakesbill knocked, ratty, tat, tat, on the door. Up jumped the king's guard.

"What do you want?" said he.

"I have come to see the king," replied Drakesbill.

"The king is busy counting his money,"

said the guard; "he cannot be bothered by little fellows like you."

"But the king owes me money," said Drakesbill. "Just tell him Drakesbill is here, and I am sure he will let me in."

Off went the guard with the message.

"Drakesbill, indeed!" roared the king. "Show him into the poultry yard. That is his proper place."

"Step this way," said the guard to Drakesbill, who was proud and happy because at last he was to meet the king.

But before Drakesbill knew what had happened to him, the guard had opened the door into the poultry yard and thrust him in. The fowls looked at him, and seeing he was alone and friendless, one and all began to peck him.

Drakesbill feared they would kill him, when suddenly he remembered friend Fox, hidden away in his pocket.

"Friend Fox," he cried, "help me, or I shall be killed!"

The fox did not need a second bidding. Out he sprang, and snip, snap, off went the heads of geese, and turkeys, and ducks, until not one was left of all the crowd.

Hearing the confusion, the poultry woman and the cook and the king's guard all ran into the yard, but there was only Drakesbill, strutting about unharmed, and calling out, "Quack! quack! quack! I want my money back!"

Away they ran to tell the king what had happened.

"Wants his money back, does he?" roared the king in a rage. "Throw him down the well, and see if that will cool his spirits."

Then the cook and the guard and the poultry woman rushed into the yard and seized Drakesbill, and down he went tumbling to the bottom of the well.

Drakesbill was frightened almost to death until he remembered the ladder tucked away under his wing.

"Oh, friend Ladder," cried he, "come out and help me!"

Out jumped the ladder, and planting her feet firmly on the bottom of the well, she reached up her long arms to the top, and hop, hop, hop, up went Drakesbill.

When the king looked out of his window and saw Drakesbill, unharmed, strutting

around the yard and still calling loudly for his money, he was more angry than before.

"What!" shouted the king. "Does he defy me? Build a great fire and burn him. He cannot escape that!"

So they built a great fire, but just as they were going to throw Drakesbill into the flames he remembered friend River hidden away in his pocket.

"Come, River!" called the little fellow. "If you do not help me I shall perish!"

Out jumped the river, and soon the water had spread over all the courtyard, and the fire was a pile of smouldering cinders.

But the river did not stop at this. Into the palace the water poured, covering all the floor. The king and his guards climbed on the chairs and tables, but Drakesbill swam about in the water as happy as could be. "I want my money back, I want my money back," sang he.

"Can no one stop this insolent fellow?" shouted the king, beside himself with rage.

The guards were about to seize poor Drakesbill when he bethought himself of the waspnest, tucked away in his pocket.

"Come, Waspnest," cried he, "now is the time to show your friendship for me."

Out sprang the waspnest, and calling to his children, away they flew, stinging every one in sight. The king and the courtiers and the guards could not escape, try as they might, so out of the palace they ran, so fast and so far that no one ever saw them again.

When the people in the streets heard the confusion and saw the king running away, they came hurrying into the palace, to see what it was all about.

As Drakesbill was very tired with fluttering about, he flew up into the king's chair to rest. When the people saw him sitting there they cried, "Drakesbill is king! Drakesbill is king! Long live the king!" and they brought the crown and placed it on his head.

"He does not look much like a king," whispered one idle fellow to another, but the people hushed them.

"At least he will not spend all our money," said they.

So Drakesbill reigned over that country for many years, and peace and plenty blessed the land.

MR. MIACCA¹

Tommy Grimes was sometimes a good boy, and sometimes a bad boy; and when he was a bad boy, he was a very bad boy. Now his mother used to say to him: "Tommy, Tommy, be a good boy, and don't go out of the street, or else Mr. Miacca will take you." But still when he was a bad boy he would go out of the street; and one day, sure enough, he had scarcely got round the corner, when Mr. Miacca did catch him and popped him into a bag upside down, and took him off to his house.

When Mr. Miacca got Tommy inside he pulled him out of the bag and set him down, and felt his arms and legs. "You're rather tough," says he; "but you're all I've got for supper, and you'll not taste bad boiled. But body o' me, I've forgot the herbs, and it's bitter you'll taste without herbs. Sally! Here, I say, Sally!" and he called Mrs. Miacca.

So Mrs. Miacca came out of another room and said: "What d'ye want, my dear?"

¹ From "*English Fairy Tales.*" By permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

"Oh, here's a little boy for supper," said Mr. Miacca, "and I've forgot the herbs. Mind him, will ye, while I go for them."

"All right, my love," says Mrs. Miacca, and off he goes.

Then Tommy Grimes said to Mrs. Miacca: "Does Mr. Miacca always have little boys for supper?"

"Mostly, my dear," said Mrs. Miacca, "if little boys are bad enough, and get in his way."

"And don't you have anything else but boy-meat? No pudding?" asked Tommy.

"Ah, I loves pudding," says Mrs. Miacca. "But it's not often the likes of me gets pudding."

"Why, my mother is making a pudding this very day," said Tommy Grimes, "and I am sure she'd give you some, if I ask her. Shall I run and get some?"

"Now, that's a thoughtful boy," said Mrs. Miacca; "only don't be long, and be sure to be back for supper."

So off Tommy peltered, and right glad he was to get off so cheap; and for many a long day he was as good as good could be,

and never went round the corner of the street. But he couldn't always be good; and one day he went round the corner, and as luck would have it, he had scarcely got round it when Mr. Miacca grabbed him up, popped him in his bag, and took him home.

When he got him there Mr. Miacca dropped him out; and when he saw him, he said: "Ah, you're the youngster that served me and my missus such a shabby trick, leaving us without any supper. Well, you shan't do it again. I'll watch over you myself. Here, get under the sofa, and I'll set on it and watch the pot boil for you."

So poor Tommy Grimes had to creep under the sofa, and Mr. Miacca sat on it and waited for the pot to boil. And they waited, and they waited, but still the pot didn't boil, till at last Mr. Miacca got tired of waiting, and he said: "Here, you under there, I'm not going to wait any longer; put out your leg, and I'll stop your giving us the slip."

So Tommy put out a leg, and Mr. Miacca got a chopper, and chopped it off, and pops it in the pot.

Suddenly he calls out: "Sally, my dear,

Sally!" and nobody answered. So he went into the next room to look out for Mrs. Miacca, and while he was there Tommy crept out from under the sofa and ran out of the door. For it was a leg of the sofa that he had put out.

So Tommy Grimes ran home, and he never went round the corner again till he was old enough to go alone.

JOSEPH JACOBS.

THE STREET MUSICIANS¹

A donkey who had carried sacks to the mill for his master a great many years became so weak that he could not work for a living any longer. His master thought that he would get rid of his old servant, that he might save the cost of his food. The donkey heard of this, and made up his mind to run away. So he took the road to a great city where he had often heard the street band play. "For," thought he, "I can make music as well as they."

He had gone but a little way when he came to a dog stretched out in the middle of the

¹ From "Classic Stories for the Little Ones." By permission of the Public School Publishing Co., Bloomington, Ill.

road and panting for breath, as if tired from running.

"Why are you panting so, friend?" asked the donkey.

"Oh, dear!" he replied. "Now that I am old and growing weaker and weaker, and am not able to hunt any more, my master has ordered that I be killed. So I have run away, but how I am to earn a living I am sure I do not know."

"Will you come with me?" said the donkey. "You see, I am going to try my luck as a street musician in the city. I think we might easily earn a living by music. You can play the bass drum and I can play the flute."

"I will go," said the dog, and they both walked on together.

Not long after they saw a cat sitting in the road, with a face as dismal as three days of rainy weather.

"Now what has happened to you, old Whiskers?" said the donkey.

"How can I be happy when I am in fear for my life?" said the cat. "I am getting old, and my teeth are only stumps. I cannot

catch mice any longer, and I like to lie behind the stove and purr. But when I found that they were going to drown me, away I ran as fast as my four legs could carry me. But now that I have come away, what am I to do?"

"Go with us to the city," said the donkey. "You often give night concerts, I know, so you can easily become a street musician."

"With all my heart," said the cat, so she walked on with them.

After traveling quite a long distance the three "runaways" came to a farmyard, and on the gate stood a rooster, crowing with all his might.

"Why are you standing there and making such a fuss?" said the donkey.

"I will tell you," replied the rooster. "I heard the cook say that there is company coming on Wednesday and she will want me to put into the soup. That evening my head will be cut off, so I shall crow at the top of my voice as long as I can."

"Listen, Red Comb," said the donkey. "Would you like to run away with us? We are going to the city, and you will find

something better there than to be made into soup. You have a fine voice, and we are all musicians."

The rooster was glad to go, and all four went on together.

They could not reach the city in one day, and evening came on just as they reached a wood, so they agreed to stay there all night.

The donkey and the dog lay down under a large tree, the cat stretched herself out on one of the branches, and the rooster flew to the top, where he felt quite safe.

Before they slept the rooster, who from his high roost could see every way, spied far off a tiny light, and calling to his comrades told them he thought they were near a house in which a light was shining.

"Then," said the donkey, "we must rouse up and go on to this light, for no doubt we shall find a good stopping place there."

The dog said he would be glad of a little piece of meat, or a couple of bones if he could get nothing more.

Very soon they were on their way to the place where the light shone. It grew larger and brighter as they came nearer to it, till

they saw that it came from the window of a small hut. The donkey, who was the tallest, went near and looked in.

"What is to be seen, old Gray Horse?" said the rooster.

"What do I see?" answered the donkey. "Why, a table spread with plenty to eat and drink, and robbers sitting at it and having a good time."

"That ought to be our supper," said the rooster.

"Yes, yes," the donkey answered, "how I wish we were inside."

Then they talked together about how they should drive the robbers away. At last they made a plan that they thought would work. The donkey was to stand on his hind legs and place his forefeet on the windowsill. The dog was to stand on his back. The cat was to stand on the dog's shoulders, and the rooster promised to light upon the cat's head.

As soon as they were all ready they began to play their music together. The donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, the rooster crowed. They made such a noise that the window rattled.

The robbers, hearing the dreadful din, were terribly frightened, and ran as fast as they could to the woods. The four comrades, rushing in, hurried to the table and ate as if they had had nothing for a month. When they had finished their meal they put out the light, and each one chose a good bed for the night. The donkey lay down at full length in the yard, the dog crouched behind the door, the cat rolled herself up on the hearth in front of the fire, while the rooster flew to the roof of the hut. They were all so tired after their long journey that they were soon fast asleep.

About midnight one of the robbers, seeing that the light was out and all quiet, said to his chief: "I do not think that we had any reason to be afraid, after all."

Then he called one of his robbers and sent him to the house to see if it was all right.

The robber, finding everything quiet, went into the kitchen to light a match. Seeing the glaring, fiery eyes of the cat, he thought they were live coals, and held a match toward them that he might light it. But Puss was frightened; she spit at him and scratched his face. This frightened the robber so terribly

that he rushed to the door, but the dog, who lay there, sprang out at him and bit him on the leg as he went by.

In the yard he ran against the donkey, who gave him a savage kick, while the rooster on the roof cried out as loud as he could, "Cock-a-doodle-doo."

Then the robber ran back to his chief.

"Oh! oh!" he cried, "in that house is a horrible woman, who flew at me and scratched me down the face with her long fingers. Then by the door stood a man with a knife, who stabbed me in the leg, and out in the yard lay a monster who struck me a hard blow with a huge club; and up on the roof sat the judge, who cried, 'Bring me the scoundrel here.' You may be sure I ran away as fast as I could go."

The robbers never went back to the house, but got away from that place as quickly as they could. The four musicians liked their new home so well that they thought no more of going on to the city. The last we heard of them, they were still there and having happy times together.

LIDA BROWN McMURRY.

THE BIG RED APPLE¹

Bobby was a little boy and he had a grandpa.

One day Bobby's grandpa sat by the fire while Bobby lay on the hearth rug, looking at a picture book.

"Ho, ho!" yawned grandpa, "I wish I had a big red apple! I could show you how to roast it, Bobby."

Bobby jumped up as quick as a flash. "I'll get you one," he said, and he picked up his hat and ran out of the house as fast as he could go. He knew where he had seen an apple tree away down the road—a tree all bright with big red apples.

Bobby ran on by the side of the road, through the drift of fallen leaves, all red and yellow and brown. The leaves made a pleasant noise under his feet. At last he came to the big apple tree, but though Bobby looked and looked there was not an apple to be seen—not an apple on the tree nor an apple on the ground.

"Oh!" cried Bobby, "where have they all gone?"

¹ From "For the Children's Hour." By permission of Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass.

Then he heard a rustling all through the dry leaves on the tree.

"I haven't an apple left, my dear. You'll have to wait till another year."

Bobby was surprised. "But where have they all gone?" he asked again. The apple tree only sighed. So the little boy turned away and started home across the fields.

Pretty soon he met a pussy cat. "Oh, Pussy," he said, "do you know what they have done with the big red apples?"

Pussy looked up at him and then began rubbing against his legs, saying: "Mew, mew, me-ew! I haven't a big red apple for you."

So Bobby went on, and at last he met a friendly dog. The dog stopped and wagged his tail, so the little boy said to him:

"Oh, Doggie, can you tell me what they have done with the big red apples?"

The doggie kept on wagging his tail, and barked.

"Bow, wow, wow! If I knew, I'd surely tell you now."

So the little boy went on until he came to a kind old cow looking over the fence.

"Oh, Mooey Cow," said Bobby, "will you tell me what has become of the big red apples?"

Mooey cow rubbed her nose against him, and said:

"Moo! moo-oo! I'd like a big red apple too."

The little boy laughed, and he walked on till he came to the edge of the wood, and there was a big, gray squirrel.

"Hello, Gray Squirrel," said Bobby, "can you tell me what has become of the big red apples?"

The squirrel whisked about and looked at Bobby.

"The farmer has hidden them all away, to eat on a pleasant winter's day," he chattered.

Then the squirrel ran to the foot of a chestnut tree and began to fill his little pockets with shiny nuts to carry to his own storehouse, but Bobby said, "Oh, thank you," and ran up the hill to the farmer's house as fast as he could go.

The farmer was standing in the door, and he smiled when he saw Bobby.

"Good morning, good morning, my little

man," he said, "and what can I do for you?"

"Please," said Bobby, "I want a big red apple."

The farmer laughed.

"Come with me," he said, "and you shall pick one out for yourself."

So Bobby and the farmer walked out to the great barn, and there Bobby saw a lot of barrels standing in a row, and every barrel was full of big red apples.

"Oh, what a lot!" said Bobby. "Why did you pick them all?"

"We didn't want to leave them for Jack Frost, did we?" said the farmer.

"Does Jack Frost like apples?" asked Bobby.

"He likes to pinch them," said the farmer, "but we like to eat them; so we gather them up for winter."

Bobby began to look about the barn. Near the barrels of red apples was another row of barrels all filled with green apples, and farther on was a great pile of golden pumpkins, and near that was a heap of green and yellow squashes, and another of turnips, and then piles of yellow corn.

"Are you keeping all these things for winter?" asked Bobby.

"Yes," said the farmer, "we've been gathering in the harvest, all good things that the summer has given us."

"And do the squirrels gather in a harvest, too?" asked Bobby.

"I reckon they do," said the farmer.

"Then that was how he knew," said Bobby.

Soon the little boy's eyes began to shine. "Won't you have lots of good things for Thanksgiving!" he said. "Pumpkin pie, and apple pie, and everything!"

"Well," said the farmer, "I guess there is plenty to be thankful for right here. Did you say you wanted a red apple, sonny?"

Bobby walked up to the barrel and picked out the biggest red apple he could find.

"Thank you, Mr. Farmer," he said. And then he ran home to give the apple to his grandpa.

"Why, why!" said grandpa, "wherever did you find it?"

"Oh," said Bobby, "I went to the apple tree, but it didn't have any. Then I asked

the cat where the biggest red apples were, but she didn't know. I asked the dog, and he didn't know; and then I asked the cow, and she didn't know; but then I asked the squirrel, and he knew, because he gathers a harvest himself. So he told me to go to the farmer. And I went to the farmer and asked him for a big red apple, and he gave me this great big one!"

"Well, well," said grandpa, when Bobby stopped out of breath. "Now find me a bit of string."

Bobby found the string, and grandpa tied one end of it to the stem of the apple. He fastened the other end of the string to the mantel shelf, and there the apple hung over the fire.

It turned and twisted, and twisted and turned, while grandpa and Bobby watched it; and the juice sizzled out, and the apple grew softer and softer, and, by and by, it was all roasted.

Then Bobby fetched a plate and two spoons, and he and grandpa sat before the fire and ate the big red apple.

KATE WHITING PATCH.

THE MAGPIE'S NEST¹

Once upon a time, when pigs spoke rhyme,
And monkeys chewed tobacco,
And hens took snuff to make them tough,
And ducks went quack, quack, quack, O!

All the birds of the air came to the magpie and asked her to teach them how to build nests. For the magpie is the cleverest bird of all at building nests. So she put all the birds round her and began to show them how to do it. First of all she took some mud and made a sort of round cake with it.

"Oh, that's how it's done," said the thrush; and away it flew, and so that's how thrushes build their nests.

Then the magpie took some twigs and arranged them round in the mud.

"Now I know all about it," said the black-bird, and off he flew, and that's how the blackbirds make their nests to this very day.

Then the magpie put another layer of mud over the twigs.

"Oh, that's quite obvious," said the wise owl, and away it flew; and owls have never made better nests since.

¹ From "English Fairy Tales." By permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

After this the magpie took some twigs and twined them round the outside.

"The very thing!" said the sparrow, and off he went; so sparrows make rather slovenly nests to this day.

Then Madge Magpie took some feathers and stuff, and lined the nest very comfortably.

"That suits me," cried the starling, and off it flew; and very comfortable nests have starlings.

So it went on, every bird taking away some knowledge of how to build nests, but none of them waiting to the end. Meanwhile Madge Magpie went on working and working without looking up till the only bird that remained was the turtle-dove, and that hadn't paid any attention all along, but only kept on saying its silly cry: "Take two, Taffy, take two-o-o-o."

At last the magpie heard this just as she was putting a twig across. So she said: "One's enough."

But the turtle-dove kept on saying: "Take two, Taffy, take two-o-o."

Then the magpie got angry and said: "One's enough, I tell you."

Still the turtle-dove cried: "Take two, Taffy, take two-o-o."

At last, and at last, the magpie looked up and saw nobody near her but the silly turtle-dove, and then she got rarely angry and flew away, and refused to tell the birds how to build nests again. And that is why different birds build their nests differently.

JOSEPH JACOBS.

THE HOP-ABOUT MAN¹

Wee-Wun was a little gnome who lived in the Bye-bye Meadow, in a fine new house which he loved. To live in the Bye-bye Meadow was sometimes a dangerous thing, for all the big people lived there. Wee-Wun might have lived on the other common with the other gnomes and fairies if he had liked; but he did not. He liked better to be among the big people on the Bye-bye Meadow. And perhaps if he had not been such a careless fellow he might not have got into so much trouble there; but he was as careless as he could be.

One day Wee-Wun was flying across the

¹ From "Little Folks' Magazine," By permission of Cassell & Co., publishers.

Bye-bye Meadow, with his cap at the back of his head, and his pockets full of blue blow-away seeds, when he saw lying upon the ground two little shoes of blue and silver, with upturned toes.

"Here is a find!" cried he, and he bent down over the little shoes with round eyes.

There they were, and they said nothing about how they had come there, but lay sadly on their sides, as silent as could be.

"I shall certainly take them home to my fine house," said Wee-Wun the gnome, "for they must be lonely lying here. They shall stand upon my mantel shelf, and every morning I shall say, 'Good morning, little blue shoes,' and every night I shall say, 'Good night,' and we shall all be as happy as can be."

So he went to put the little shoes into his pockets, but he found they were already full of blue blow-away seeds.

Then Wee-Wun took the blue blow-away seeds, and cast them over the wall into the Stir-about Wife's garden. And he put the little shoes into his pocket, and flew away.

The garden of the Stir-about Wife is full

of golden dandelions. That is because the Stir-about Wife likes best to brew golden spells that will make folk happy, and of course dandelions are the flowers you use for golden spells.

But the very next day after Wee-Wun had passed, when she came into her garden to gather every twentieth dandelion she could hardly see a dandelion because of the blow-aways that were growing everywhere, and casting their fluff into the dandelions' eyes.

When the Stir-about Wife saw this mournful sight she wept, because her beautiful spell, which she was about to finish, was quite spoiled. And after a little while she went into her house and made another spell instead.

On the morrow Wee-Wun the gnome came flying over the Bye-bye Meadow, just as careless as ever. He stopped for a moment by the Stir-about Wife's garden to look at the spot where he had found the little blue shoes, to see if there were another pair there. And after he had seen that no one had dropped another pair of little blue shoes, he hung over the Stir-about Wife's wall and looked at

her garden, and when he saw the blue blow-aways he laughed so that he fell upon the ground.

"That is a new kind of dandelion," said he, and he picked himself up, laughing still. Then he saw that upon the ground where he had fallen there lay a large seed that shone in the sun. It was as blue as the little blue shoes, and Wee-Wun had never seen any seed like it before. He took it in his hand, and how it twinkled and shone!

"I shall plant this in my garden," said Wee-Wun, "and I shall have a plant which will have sunbeams for flowers."

So he dropped it into his pocket and flew away home. That evening he made a little hole, and when he had dropped the blue seed into it he patted the earth down.

"Grow quickly, little seed," said he. Then he thought of the Stir-about Wife's garden, and he began to laugh, and he laughed now and again the whole night through.

But when he awakened in the morning, alack! he laughed no more, for his fine home was so dark that he could see not a pace in front of him.

"This is very odd, very odd, indeed!" said Wee-Wun the gnome, and he rubbed his eyes very hard. But this was no dream, and no matter how hard he rubbed, he could not rub it away. Then he heard upon the floor a clatter and a rustle, and then a stepping noise,—one, two; one, two—and that was the little blue shoes that were marching round and round over the floor very steadily.

And as they marched they sang this song:

"Ring-a-ding-dill, ring-a-ding-dill,
The Hop-about Man comes over the hill.
Why is he coming, and what will he see?
Rickety, rickety,—one, two, three."

And they sang it over and over again.

"Well, this is a fine time to sing, when it is as dark as can be!" cried Wee-Wun. But the little shoes took no notice at all.

So Wee-Wun went outside to his garden, and then he saw that the whole world was not dark, as he had supposed, but only his little home. For in the spot where he had sown the blue seed had sprung up a huge plant which covered over the window of Wee-Wun's fine house, and reached far above its roof.

Wee-Wun began to weep, for he did not see why this thing had come to him. And after he had wept awhile he went close to the fearful plant and walked round it, and looked up and down.

And then he said, "Why, it is a blue blow-away!" And so it was, but far, far larger than any Wee-Wun had ever seen in his life before. And it had grown so high and as big as that in just one night.

"What will it be like to-morrow?" thought Wee-Wun, and he began to weep again. But the blue blow-away took no notice of his tears, and the little shoes inside the house went on singing; so Wee-Wun had to stir his wits, and consider what was to be done. And when he had considered awhile, he set off for the house of the Green Ogre, and he was shaking in his shoes.

The Green Ogre was planting peas, one by one. When he saw Wee-Wun come along, with tears still on his cheeks and shaking in his shoes, he said:

"My little gnome, you had better keep away, lest I plant you in mistake for a pea."

But Wee-Wun said:

"Oh, dear Green Ogre, would n't you like a nice blue blow-away for your garden? I have one which is quite big enough for you; it is taller than my little house. You have never seen a blow-away so fine."

"And are you weeping, my Wee-Wun, because you have such a fine blue blow-away?" asked the Green Ogre, and he began to laugh.

But Wee-Wun said:

"I am weeping to see such a fine garden as yours without a blue blow-away in it. That is a sad sight."

"There is something in that," said the Green Ogre, and he set down his peas, and thought. Then he said: "Very well, I will come and look at your blue blow-away." And he set off at once.

Now when the Green Ogre saw the blue blow-away in Wee-Wun's garden he thought it was certainly the best he had ever seen, and much too fine for a little gnome like Wee-Wun. So he dug it up in a great hurry and carried it away.

"There, that was managed very easily," said Wee-Wun the gnome joyously to himself,

and he looked at the hole where the blue blow-away had been, and laughed. Then he went into his fine home, but that was no longer empty, for in the seat by the fireside sat a little man in a blue smock and feather cap. And he looked quite happy and at home. And above his head on the mantle shelf were the little blue shoes, as quiet as could be.

"This is a nice thing," said Wee-Wun, opening his eyes wide. "Who are you that you have come into my little house where I like to sit all alone?"

And the little man replied at once:

"I am the Hop-about Man, and since you have let the Green Ogre carry away the blue blow-away in which I lived, I have come to live with you."

"But my fine house is not big enough to hold two people," cried Wee-Wun, and he was in a way.

"It is big enough to hold twelve tigers," said the Hop-about Man, "so it can easily hold two little gnomes. As for me, here I am, and here I mean to stay."

And not another word would he say.

At this Wee-Wun was in a terrible way, as you may think. But there was the Hop-about Man, and he did not seem to care, not one bit.

So Wee-Wun went on his way, and when he had made a platter of porridge for his breakfast, the Hop-about Man said:

"Ah, that is my breakfast, I see," and he ate it up in a twink. So Wee-Wun had to make another platterful, and alack, he was careless, and let that porridge burn, and he could not eat it, though he tried hard. Afterwards he went out to fetch wood for his fire, and when he had fetched it, he threw it into a corner, and he left the door wide open, so that a draught fell upon the Hop-about Man. But the Hop-about Man said nothing.

Then Wee-Wun went out to dig in his garden, and he dug there the whole day long, and when he came in in the evening, there was the Hop-about Man sitting in his chair. When Wee-Wun looked at his blue smock and his feather cap he saw that the Hop-about Man looked just like a blue blow-away growing in the chair at Wee-Wun's fireside. But when Wee-Wun the gnome came in the

Hop-about Man flew out of his chair, and he flew all around the room, singing this song:

“Ring-a-ding-dill, ring-a-ding-dill,

Let all careless things hop about if they will.”

Alack! he had no sooner sung this song than the door which Wee-Wun had left open jumped off its hinges and ran about the floor, and the wood which he had thrown into the corner flew out and rushed about too. The Hop-about Man's platter, which Wee-Wun had forgotten to wash, flew up to the ceiling, and the wooden spoon spun round like a top on the floor, and all the chairs and tables Wee-Wun had left awry began to dance.

“Certainly my fine house will come down about my ears,” cried poor Wee-Wun.

Then he felt a tug at his hair, and that was his cap, which he had put on inside out, and which was anxious to be off and join in the fun. And his spade, which he had left lying on the ground outside, came running in at the place where the door had been, stirring everything as it came. That was a muddle, and Wee-Wun began to weep.

“Oh, dear Hop-about Man,” he cried, “do tell everything to be quiet again, please,

for I can hear the walls of my fine house shaking!"

But the Hop-about Man, who was again sitting in his chair, replied:

"Things will be quiet again when you have put all careless things straight."

So Wee-Wun set to work, and he wept ever so fast. You see it is difficult to put careless things straight when they are running about all the time, and you have to catch them first. But at last Wee-Wun set the door on its hinges, and put the wood in the wood cellar, and washed the Hop-about Man's platter and spoon, and set straight all the chairs and tables, and put the spade in the place where it ought to be, and he was so tired then he could hardly move another step. But the Hop-about Man did not notice him at all, and when Wee-Wun cried out to the little blue shoes:

"See how hard I am working," they were quite silent. And you do not know how silent blue shoes can be.

The Hop-about Man was falling asleep in his chair when all was finished, and Wee-Wun again shed tears.

"Oh, Hop-about Man," he cried, "are you never going away?"

And the Hop-about Man replied:

"Certainly I am very comfortable here, with half of this fine house for my own, and I can only walk away if I have a pair of little blue shoes to walk in, and I can only go when you have set all careless things straight."

Poor Wee-Wun! He took the little blue shoes in a hurry, and his tears were dropping all the time.

"Good-by, little blue shoes," he said, but the Hop-about Man did not seem to notice. And when Wee-Wun gave them to him he put them upon his feet, but he did not stir, not an inch.

Then Wee-Wun sighed a long sigh, and he flew over the Bye-bye Meadow till he reached the garden of the Stir-about Wife, which is bound about by a wall. And there all night he weeded, pulling up blue blow-aways by the score. But when in the morning he went back to his fine house, the Hop-about Man was gone.

AGNES GRAZIER HERBERTSON.

A GOOD THANKSGIVING

Said old Gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving Day,

If you want a good time, then give something away."

So he sent a fat turkey to Shoemaker Price,
And the shoemaker said, "What a big bird!
how nice!

And, since a good dinner's before me, I ought
To give poor Widow Lee the small chicken
I bought."

"This fine chicken, oh, see!" said the pleased
Widow Lee,

"And the kindness that sent it, how precious
to me!

I would like to make some one as happy as I—
I'll give Washwoman Biddy my big pump-
kin pie."

"And oh, sure," Biddy said, "'tis the queen
of all pies!

Just to look at its yellow face gladdens my
eyes!

Now it's my turn, I think; and a sweet ginger
cake

For the motherless Finigan children I'll
bake."

"A sweet cake, all our own! 'Tis too good to
be true!"

Said the Finigan children, Rose, Denny,
and Hugh;

"It smells sweet of spice, and we'll carry a
slice

To poor little Lame Jake—who has nothing
that's nice."

"Oh, I thank you, and thank you!" said little
Lame Jake;

"Oh, what beautiful, beautiful, beautiful
cake!

And oh, such a big slice! I will save all the
crumbs,

And will give 'em to each little sparrow
that comes!"

And the sparrows they twittered, as if they
would say,

Like old Gentleman Gay, "On a Thanks-
giving Day,

If you want a good time, then give something
away!"

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

PRAISE GOD

Praise God for wheat, so white and sweet,

Of which to make our bread!

Praise God for yellow corn, with which

His waiting world is fed!

Praise God for fish and flesh and fowl

He gave to men for food!

Praise God for every creature which

He made and called it good!

Praise God for winter's store of ice,

Praise God for summer's heat!

Praise God for fruit trees bearing seed,

"To you it is for meat!"

Praise God for all the bounty

By which the world is fed!

Praise God, ye children all, to whom

He gives your daily bread!

ANDERS' NEW CAP

Once upon a time there was a little boy, called Anders, who had a new cap. And a prettier cap you never could see, for mother herself had knit it; and nobody could make anything quite as nice as mother could. It

was altogether red, except a small part in the middle which was green, for the red yarn had given out; and the tassel was blue.

His brothers and sisters walked about looking at him, but Anders cared nothing about that. He put his hands in his pockets and went out for a walk, for he did not begrudge anybody's seeing how fine he was.

The first person he met was a farmhand walking beside a load of peat and smacking at his horse. He made a bow so deep that his back came near to breaking, and Anders trotted proudly by.

At the turn of the road he ran up against Lars, the tanner's boy. He was such a big boy that he wore high boots and carried a jack-knife. He gaped and gazed at the cap, and he could not keep from fingering the blue tassel.

"Let's swap caps," he said, "and I will give you my jack-knife to boot."

Now, this knife was a splendid one, though half the blade was gone and the handle was a little cracked; and Anders knew that one is almost a man as soon as one has a jack-knife. But still it did not come up to the new cap which mother had made.

"Oh, no, I could not do that," he said. And then he said good-by to Lars with a nod, and went on.

Soon after this Anders met a very old, old woman, who curtsied until her skirts looked like a balloon. She said that he was so fine that he might go to the king's ball.

"Yes, why not?" thought Anders. "Seeing that I am so fine, I may as well go and visit the king."

And so he did. In the palace yards stood two soldiers with shining helmets, and with guns over their shoulders; and when Anders came both the guns were leveled at him.

"Where are you going?" asked one of the soldiers.

"I am going to the king's ball," answered Anders.

"No, no," said the other soldier, putting his foot forward, "nobody is allowed there without a uniform."

But just at this instant the princess came tripping across the yard. She was dressed in white silk, with bows of gold ribbon. When she saw Anders and the soldiers, she walked over to them.

"Oh," she said, "he has a very fine cap on his head, and that will do as well as a uniform."

She took Anders' hand and walked with him up the broad marble stairs, where soldiers were posted at every third step, and through magnificent halls where gentlemen and ladies in silk and velvet stood bowing wherever he went. For, as like as not, they must have thought him a prince when they saw his fine cap.

At the farther end of the largest hall a table was set with golden cups and golden plates in long rows. On huge silver platters were pyramids of tarts and cakes. The princess sat down under a blue canopy with bouquets of roses on it; and she let Anders sit in a golden chair by her side.

"But you must not eat with your cap on your head," she said, and was going to take it off.

"Oh, yes, I can eat just as well," said Anders, and held on to his cap, for if they should take it away from him he did not feel sure that he would get it back again.

"Well, well, give it to me," said the princess, "and I will give you a kiss."

The princess was certainly beautiful, and he would have dearly liked to be kissed by her, but the cap which mother had made he could not give up on any condition. He only shook his head.

"Well, but now," said the princess; and she filled his pockets with cakes, and put her own heavy gold chain around his neck, and bent down and kissed him.

But he only moved farther back in his chair, and did not take his hands from his head.

Then the doors were thrown open and the king entered, with many gentlemen in glittering uniforms and plumed hats. And the king himself wore an ermine-bordered purple mantle which trailed behind him, and he had a large gold crown on his white hair.

He smiled when he saw Anders in the gilt chair.

"That is a very fine cap you have," he said.

"So it is," said Anders, "and it is made of mother's best yarn, and she has knit it herself, and every one wants to get it away from me."

"But surely you would like to change caps

with me," said the king, and raised his large heavy gold crown from his head.

Anders did not answer. He sat as before, and held on to his red cap, which every one was so anxious to get. But when the king came nearer to him, with his gold crown in his hands, then he grew frightened as never before, for a king can do as he likes.

With one jump Anders got out of his chair. He darted like an arrow through all the halls, down all the stairs, across the yard. He ran so fast the princess' necklace fell off his neck and all the cakes jumped out of his pockets.

But he had his cap. He still held on to it with both his hands as he ran into his mother's cottage. And his mother took him up in her lap and he told her all his adventures, and how everybody wanted his cap. And all his brothers and sisters stood around and listened with their mouths open.

But when his big brother heard that he had refused to give his cap for the king's golden crown, he said that Anders was stupid. Just think what splendid things one might get in exchange for the crown; and Anders could have had a still finer cap.

Anders' face grew red. That he had not thought of. He cuddled up to his mother and asked:

"Mother, was I stupid?"

But his mother hugged him close.

"No, my little son," she said. "If you were dressed in silk and gold from top to toe, you could not look any nicer than in your little red cap."

Then Anders felt brave again. He knew well enough that mother's cap was the best cap in all the world.

Adapted from "Swedish Fairy Tales."

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

"To whit! to whit! to whee!

Will you listen to me?

Who stole four eggs I laid,

And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow. "Moo-oo!

Such a thing I'd never do.

I gave you a wisp of hay,

But I did n't take your nest away.

Not I," said the cow. "Moo-oo!

Such a thing I'd never do."

"To whit! to whit! to whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o-link! bob-o-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?"

"Not I," said the dog. "Bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean, anyhow!
I gave the hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
"Not I," said the dog. "Bow-wow!
I'm not so mean, anyhow."

"To whit! to whit! to whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o-link! bob-o-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away,
From the plum tree to-day?"

"Coo-coo! coo-coo! coo-coo!
Let me speak a word or two!
Who stole that pretty nest
From little Yellowbreast?"

"Not I," said the sheep, "Oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a little bird so.
I gave the wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
"Baa! baa!" said the sheep. "Oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a little bird so!"

"To whit! to whit! to whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o-link! bob-o-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree to-day?"

"Coo-coo! coo-coo! coo-coo!
Let me speak a word or two!
Who stole the pretty nest
From little Yellowbreast?"

"Caw! caw!" cried the crow,
"I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest to-day?"

"Cluck! cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again!
Why I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.

"We all gave a feather,
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck! cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again!"

"Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!
All the birds make a stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry 'For shame!'"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green.
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

"It is very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal,
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel."

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed,
For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little Yellowbreast.
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

THE STRAW OX¹

There was once upon a time an old man and an old woman. The old man worked in the fields as a pitch-burner, while the old woman sat at home and spun flax. They were so poor that they could save nothing at all; all their earnings went in bare food, and when that was gone there was nothing left. At last the old woman had a good idea:

"Look now, husband," cried she, "make me a straw ox, and smear it all over with tar."

"Why, you foolish woman!" said he,

¹ From "Cossack Fairy Tales." By permission of the publishers, A. L. Burt Company, New York.

"what's the good of an ox of that sort?"

"Never mind," said she, "you just make it. I know what I am about."

What was the poor man to do? He set to work and made the ox of straw, and smeared it all over with tar.

The night passed away, and at early dawn the old woman took her distaff, and drove the straw ox out into the steppe to graze, and she herself sat down behind a hillock, and began spinning her flax, and cried:

"Graze away, little ox, while I spin my flax. Graze away, little ox, while I spin my flax!" And while she spun, her head drooped down and she began to doze, and while she was dozing, from behind the dark wood and from the back of the huge pines a bear came rushing out upon the ox and said:

"Who are you? Speak, and tell me!"

And the ox said:

"A three-year-old heifer am I, made of straw and smeared with tar."

"Oh!" said the bear, "stuffed with straw and trimmed with tar, are you? Then give me of your straw and tar, that I may patch up my ragged fur again!"

"Take some," said the ox, and the bear fell upon him and began to tear away at the tar.

He tore and tore, and buried his teeth in it till he found he couldn't let go again. He tugged and he tugged, but it was no good, and the ox dragged him gradually off, goodness knows where.

Then the old woman awoke, and there was no ox to be seen. "Alas! old fool that I am!" cried she, "perchance it has gone home." Then she quickly caught up her distaff and spinning board, threw them over her shoulders, and hastened off home, and she saw that the ox had dragged the bear up to the fence, and in she went to her old man.

"Dad, dad," she cried, "look, look! The ox has brought us a bear. Come out and kill it!" Then the old man jumped up, tore off the bear, tied him up, and threw him in the cellar.

Next morning, between dark and dawn, the old woman took her distaff and drove the ox into the steppe to graze. She herself sat down by a mound, began spinning, and said:

"Graze, graze away, little ox, while I spin

my flax! Graze, graze away, little ox, while I spin my flax!" And while she spun, her head drooped down and she dozed. And, lo! from behind the dark wood, from the back of the huge pines, a gray wolf came rushing out upon the ox and said:

"Who are you? Come, tell me!"

"I am a three-year-old heifer, stuffed with straw and trimmed with tar," said the ox.

"Oh! trimmed with tar, are you? Then give me of your tar to tar my sides, that the dogs and the sons of dogs tear me not!"

"Take some," said the ox. And with that the wolf fell upon him and tried to tear the tar off. He tugged and tugged, and tore with his teeth, but could get none off. Then he tried to let go, and couldn't; tug and worry as he might, it was no good. When the old woman woke, there was no heifer in sight. "Maybe my heifer has gone home!" she cried. "I'll go home and see." When she got there she was astonished, for by the paling stood the ox with the wolf still tugging at it. She ran and told her old man, and her old man came and threw the wolf into the cellar also.

On the third day the old woman again drove her ox into the pastures to graze, and sat down by a mound and dozed off. Then a fox came running up. "Who are you?" it asked the ox.

"I'm a three-year-old heifer, stuffed with straw and daubed with tar."

"Then give me some of your tar to smear my sides with, when those dogs and sons of dogs tear my hide!"

"Take some," said the ox. Then the fox fastened her teeth in him and couldn't draw them out again. The old woman told her old man, and he took and cast the fox into the cellar in the same way. And after that they caught Pussy Swiftfoot¹ likewise.

So when he had got them all safely the old man sat down on a bench before the cellar and began sharpening a knife. And the bear said to him:

"Tell me, daddy, what are you sharpening your knife for?"

"To flay your skin off, that I may make a leather jacket for myself and a pelisse for my old woman."

¹ *The hare.*

"Oh! don't flay me, daddy dear! Rather let me go, and I'll bring you a lot of honey."

"Very well, see you do it," and he unbound and let the bear go. Then he sat down on the bench and again began sharpening his knife. And the wolf asked him:

"Daddy, what are you sharpening your knife for?"

"To flay off your skin, that I may make me a warm cap against the winter."

"Oh! Don't flay me, daddy dear, and I'll bring you a whole herd of little sheep."

"Well, see that you do it," and he let the wolf go.

Then he sat down, and began sharpening his knife again. The fox put out her little snout, and asked him:

"Be so kind, dear daddy, and tell me why you are sharpening your knife!"

"Little foxes," said the old man, "have nice skins that do capitally for collars and trimmings, and I want to skin you!"

"Oh! Don't take my skin away, daddy dear, and I will bring you hens and geese."

"Very well, see that you do it!" and he let the fox go.

The hare now alone remained, and the old man began sharpening his knife on the hare's account.

"Why do you do that?" asked Puss, and he replied:

"Little hares have nice little, soft, warm skins, which will make me nice gloves and mittens against the winter!"

"Oh! daddy dear! Don't flay me, and I'll bring you kale and good cauliflower, if only you let me go!"

Then he let the hare go also.

Then they went to bed: but very early in the morning, when it was neither dusk nor dawn, there was a noise in the doorway like "Durrrrrr!"

"Daddy!" cried the old woman, "there's some one scratching at the door: go and see who it is!"

The old man went out, and there was the bear carrying a whole hive full of honey. The old man took the honey from the bear; but no sooner did he lie down again than there was another "Durrrrrr!" at the door. The old man looked out and saw the wolf driving a whole flock of sheep into the

courtyard. Close on his heels came the fox, driving before him the geese and hens, and all manner of fowls; and last of all came the hare, bringing cabbage and kale, and all manner of good food.

And the old man was glad, and the old woman was glad. And the old man sold the sheep and oxen, and got so rich that he needed nothing more.

As for the straw-stuffed ox, it stood in the sun till it fell to pieces.

R. NESBIT BAIN.

NURSERY SONG

As I walked over the hill one day,
I listened, and heard a mother sheep say,
"In all the green world there is nothing so
sweet

As my little lamb, with his nimble feet;
With his eye so bright,
And his wool so white,

Oh, he is my darling, my heart's delight!"
And the mother sheep and her little one
Side by side lay down in the sun;
And they went to sleep on the hillside warm,
While my little lambie lies here on my arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see
But the old gray cat with her kittens three!
I heard her whispering soft; said she,
"My kittens, with tails so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things that can be in the
world.

The bird on the tree,
And the old ewe, she,
May love their babies exceedingly;
But I love my kittens there,
Under the rocking chair.
I love my kittens with all my might,
I love them at morning, noon, and night.
Now I'll take up my kitties, the kitties I love,
And we'll lie down together beneath the warm
stove."

Let the kittens sleep under the stove so warm,
While my little darling lies here on my arm.

I went to the yard, and I saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten;
She clucked and she scratched and she bustled
away,

And what do you think I heard the hen say?
I heard her say, "The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of mine.

You may hunt the full moon and the stars,
if you please,
But you will not find ten such chickens as
these.

My dear, downy darlings, my sweet little
things,

Come, nestle now cozily under my wings."

So the hen said,

And the chickens all sped

As fast as they could to their nice feather bed.
And there let them sleep, in their feathers so
warm,

While my little chick lies here on my arm.

MRS. CARTER.

THE STARS IN THE SKY¹

Once on a time and twice on a time, and
all times together as ever I heard tell of,
there was a tiny lassie who would weep all
day to have the stars in the sky to play with;
she wouldn't have this, and she wouldn't
have that, but it was always the stars she
would have. So one fine day off she walked,
till by and by she came to a mill dam.

"Goode'en to ye," says she; "I'm seeking

¹ From "Magic Casements." By permission of the publishers, Doubleday
Page & Company, New York.

the stars in the sky to play with. Have you seen any?"

"Oh, yes, my bonny lassie," said the mill dam. "They shine in my own face o' nights till I can't sleep for them. Jump in, and perhaps you'll find one."

So she jumped in, and swam about and swam about, but ne'er a one could she see. So she went on till she came to a brooklet.

"Goode'en to ye, Brooklet, Brooklet," says she; "I'm seeking the stars in the sky to play with. Have you seen any?"

"Yes, indeed, my bonny lassie," said the brooklet. "They glint on my banks at night. Paddle about, and maybe you'll find one."

So she paddled and she paddled and she paddled, but ne'er a one did she find. So on she went till she came to the Good Folk.

"Good e'en to ye, Good Folk," says she; "I'm looking for the stars in the sky to play with. Have ye seen e'er a one?"

"Why, yes, my bonny lassie," said the Good Folk. "They shine on the grass here o' nights. Dance with us, and maybe you'll find one."

And she danced and she danced and she

danced, but ne'er a one did she see. So down she sat; I suppose she wept.

"Oh, dearie me, oh, dearie me. I've swam and I've paddled and I've danced, and if you'll not help me I shall never find the stars in the sky to play with."

But the Good Folk whispered together, and one of them came up to her and took her by the hand and said: "If you won't go home to your mother, go forward, go forward; mind you take the right road. Ask Four Feet to carry you to No Feet at All, and tell No Feet at All to carry you to the stairs without steps, and if you can climb that—"

"Oh, shall I be among the stars in the sky then?" cried the lassie.

"If you'll not be, then you'll be elsewhere," said the Good Folk, and set to dancing again.

So on she went again with a light heart, and by and by she came to a saddled horse, tied to a tree.

"Goode'en to ye, Beast," said she; "I'm seeking the stars in the sky to play with. Will you give me a lift, for all my bones are an-aching."

"Nay," said the horse, "I know naught of

the stars in the sky, and I'm here to do the bidding of the Good Folk, and not my own will."

"Well," said she, "it's from the Good Folk I come, and they bade me tell Four Feet to carry me to No Feet at All."

"That's another story," said he; "jump up and ride with me."

So they rode and they rode and they rode, till they got out of the forest and found themselves at the edge of the sea. And on the water in front of them was a wide, glistening path running straight out toward a beautiful thing that rose out of the water and went up into the sky, and was all the colors in the world, blue and red and green, and wonderful to look at.

"Now get you down," said the horse; "I've brought ye to the end of the land, and that's as much as Four Feet can do. I must away home to my own folk."

"But," said the lassie, "where's No Feet at All, and where's the stair without steps?"

"I know not," said the horse, "it's none of my business, neither. So good e'en to ye, my bonny lassie"; and off he went.

So the lassie stood still and looked at the

water, till a strange kind of fish came swimming up to her feet.

Good e'en to ye, big Fish," says she; "I'm looking for the stars in the sky, and for the stairs that climb up to them. Will ye show me the way?"

"Nay," said the fish; "I can't unless you bring me word from the Good Folk."

"Yes, indeed," said she. "They said Four Feet would bring me to No Feet at All, and No Feet at All would carry me to the stairs without steps."

"Ah, well," said the fish; "that's all right then. Get on my back and hold fast."

And off he went, kerplash! into the water, along the silver path toward the bright arch. And the nearer they came the brighter the sheen of it, till she had to shade her eyes from the light of it.

And as they came to the foot of it she saw it was a broad, bright road, sloping up and away into the sky, and at the far, far end of it she could see wee shining things dancing about.

"Now," said the fish, "here you are, and yon's the stair; climb up, if you can, but hold

on fast. I'll warrant you find the stair easier at home than by such a way; 'twas ne'er meant for lassies' feet to travel"; and off he splashed through the water.

So she clomb and she clomb and she clomb, but ne'er a step higher did she get; the light was before her and around her, and the water behind her, and the more she struggled the more she was forced down into the dark and the cold, and the more she clomb the deeper she fell.

But she clomb and she clomb, till she got dizzy in the light and shivered with the cold, and dazed with the fear; but still she clomb, till at last, quite dazed and silly-like, she let clean go, and sank down—down—down.

And bang she came on to the hard boards, and found herself sitting, weeping and wailing, by the bedside at home all alone.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN and NORA SMITH.

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW

"And where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?"

"I've been to the top of the Caldon Low,
The midsummer-night to see!"

"And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Low?"

"I saw the glad sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Low?"

"I heard the drops of the waters made,
And the ears of the green corn fill."

"Oh! tell me all, my Mary,
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies
Last night on the Caldon Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother;
And listen, mother of mine.
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine.

"And their harp-strings rung so merrily
To their dancing feet so small;
But oh! the words of their talking
Were merrier far than all."

"And what were the words, my Mary,
That then you heard them say?"

"I'll tell you all, my mother;
But let me have my way.

"Some of them played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill:

" 'For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man will the miller be
At dawning of the day.

" 'Oh! the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the mill dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,
Till the tears fill both his eyes!'

"And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill;
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill:

" 'And there,' they said, 'the merry winds go,
Away from every horn;
And they shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow's corn.

“ ‘Oh! the poor blind widow,
Though she has been blind so long,
She'll be blithe enough when the mildew's
gone,
And the corn stands tall and strong.’

“And some they brought the brown lintseed
And flung it down from the Low;
‘And this,’ they said, ‘by the sunrise,
In the weaver's croft shall grow.

“ ‘Oh! the poor lame weaver,
How he will laugh outright,
When he sees his dwindling flax field
All full of flowers by night!’

“And then out spoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin;
‘I have spun up all the tow,’ said he,
‘And I want some more to spin.

“ ‘I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another;
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother.’

“With that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;

And then on top of the Caldon Low
There was no one left but me.

“And all on the top of the Caldon Low
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

“But coming down from the hilltop,
I heard afar below
How busy the jolly miller was
And how the wheel did go.

“And I peeped into the widow's field,
And sure enough, were seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn,
All standing stout and green.

“And down to the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were sprung;
But I met the weaver at his gate,
With the good news on his tongue.

“Now this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, pr'ythee, make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be.”

MARY HOWITT.

MABEL ON MIDSUMMER DAY

PART I.

“Arise, my maiden, Mabel,”
The mother said, “arise,
For the golden sun of Midsummer
Is shining in the skies.

“Arise, my little maiden,
For thou must speed away
To wait upon thy grandmother,
This livelong summer day.

“And thou must carry with thee
This wheaten cake so fine,
This new-made pat of butter,
This little flask of wine.

“And tell the dear old body
This day I cannot come,
For the goodman went out yestermorn,
And he is not come home.

“And more than this, poor Amy
Upon my knee doth lie;
I fear me with this fever pain
The little child will die!

"And thou canst help thy grandmother;
The table thou canst spread,
Canst feed the little dog and bird,
And thou canst make her bed.

"And thou canst fetch the water
From the lady-well hard by;
And thou canst gather from the wood
The fagots brown and dry.

"Canst go down to the lonesome glen,
To milk the mother ewe;
This is the work, my Mabel,
That thou wilt have to do.

"But listen now, my Mabel;
This is Midsummer Day,
When all the fairy people
From elf-land come away.

"And when thou art in lonesome glen,
Keep by the running burn,
And do not pluck the strawberry flower,
Nor break the lady fern.

"But think not of the fairy folk
Lest mischief should befall;

Think only of poor Amy,
And how thou lov'st us all.

"Yet keep good heart, my Mabel,
If thou the fairies see,
And give them kindly answer
If they should speak to thee.

"And when into the fir wood
Thou go'st for fagots brown,
Do not, like idle children,
Go wandering up and down.

"But fill thy little apron,
My child, with earnest speed;
And that thou break no living bough
Within the wood, take heed.

"For they are spiteful brownies
Who in the wood abide,
So be thou careful of this thing,
Lest evil should betide.

"But think not, little Mabel,
Whil'st thou art in the wood,
Of dwarfish, wilful brownies,
But of the Father good.

"And when thou goest to the spring
To fetch the water thence,
Do not disturb the little stream,
Lest this should give offense.

"For the queen of all the fairies,
She loves that water bright;
I've seen her drinking there myself
On many a summer night.

"But she's a gracious lady,
And her thou need'st not fear;
Only disturb thou not the stream,
Nor spill the water clear."

"Now all this will I heed, mother;
Will no word disobey,
And wait upon the grandmother
This livelong summer day."

PART II

Away tripped little Mabel,
With the wheaten cake so fine,
With the new-made pat of butter,
And the little flask of wine.

And long before the sun was hot
And morning mists had cleared,

Beside the good old grandmother
The willing child appeared.

And all her mother's message
She told with right good will,
How that the father was away
And the little child was ill.

And then she swept the hearth up clean,
And then the table spread,
And next she fed the dog and bird,
And then she made the bed.

"And go now," said the grandmother,
"Ten paces down the dell,
And bring in water for the day,—
Thou know'st the lady-well."

The first time that good Mabel went,
Nothing at all saw she
Except a bird, a sky-blue bird,
That sat upon a tree.

The next time that good Mabel went,
There sat a lady bright
Beside the well,—a lady small,
All clothed in green and white.

A curtsey low made Mabel,
And then she stooped to fill
Her pitcher at the sparkling spring,
But no drop did she spill.

"Thou art a handy maiden,"
The fairy lady said;
"Thou hast not spilled a drop, nor yet
The fair spring troubled!"

"And for this thing which thou hast done,
Yet may'st not understand,
I give to thee a better gift
Than houses or than land.

"Thou shalt do well whate'er thou dost,
As thou hast done this day;
Shalt have the will and power to please,
And shalt be loved alway."

Thus having said she passed from sight;
And naught could Mabel see
But the little bird, the sky-blue bird,
Upon the leafy tree.

"And now, go," said the grandmother,
"And fetch in fagots dry;

All in the neighboring fir wood
Beneath the trees they lie."

Away went kind, good Mabel,
Into the fir wood near,
Where all the ground was dry and brown
And the grass grew thin and sere.

She did not wander up and down,
Nor yet a live branch pull,
But steadily of the fallen boughs
She picked her apron full.

And when the wild-wood brownies
Came sliding to her mind,
She drove them thence, as she was told,
With home thoughts sweet and kind.

But all that while, the brownies
Within the fir wood still,
They watched her how she picked the wood
And strove to do no ill.

"And oh! but she is small and neat,"
Said one; "'t were shame to spite
A creature so demure and meek,
A creature harmless quite!"

"Look only," said another,
 . "At her little gown of blue;
At her kerchief pinned about her head,
 And at her little shoe!"

"Oh! but she is a comely child,"
 Said a third; "and we will lay
A good-luck penny in her path,
 A boon for her this day—
Seeing she broke no living wood,
 No live thing did affray!"

With that the smallest penny
 Of the finest silver ore,
Upon the dry and slippery path,
 Lay Mabel's feet before.

With joy she picked the penny up,
 The fairy penny good;
And with her fagots dry and brown
 Went wondering from the wood.

"Now she has that," the brownies said,
 "Let flax be ever so dear,
'T will buy her clothes of the very best,
 For many and many a year!"

“And go now,” said the grandmother,
“Since falling is the dew,
Go down into the lonesome glen,
And milk the mother ewe.”

All down into the lonesome glen,
Through copses thick and wild,
Through moist, rank grass, by trickling
stream,
Went on the willing child.

And when she came to lonesome glen,
She kept beside the burn,
And neither plucked the strawberry flower
Nor broke the lady fern.

And while she milked the mother ewe
Within the lonesome glen,
She wished that little Amy
Were strong and well again.

And soon as she had thought this thought,
She heard a coming sound
As if a thousand fairy folk
Were gathering all around.

And then she heard a little voice,
Shrill as the midge's wing,

That spake aloud, "A human child
Is here—yet mark this thing,!

"The lady fern is all unbroke,
The strawberry flower unta'en!
What shall be done for her who still
From mischief can refrain?"

"Give her a fairy cake!" said one;
"Grant her a wish!" said three;
"The latest wish that she hath wished,"
Said all, "whate'er it be!"

Kind Mabel heard the words they spake,
And from the lonesome glen
Unto the good old grandmother
Went gladly back again.

Thus happened it to Mabel
On that Midsummer Day;
And these three fairy blessings
She took with her away.

'Tis good to make all duty sweet,
To be alert and kind;
'Tis good, like little Mabel,
To have a willing mind.

MARY HOWITT.

OEYVIND AND MARIT¹

I

Oeyvind was his name. A low, barren cliff overhung the house in which he was born; fir and birch looked down on the roof, and wild cherry strewed flowers over it. Upon this roof there walked about a little goat, which belonged to Oeyvind. He was kept there that he might not go astray; and Oeyvind carried leaves and grass up to him. One fine day the goat leaped down, and away to the cliff; he went straight up, and came where he never had been before.

Oeyvind did not see him when he came out after dinner, and thought immediately of the fox. He grew hot all over, looked around about, and called, "Killy-killy-killy-goat!"

"Bay-ay-ay," said the goat, from the brow of the hill, as he cocked his head on one side and looked down.

But beside the goat there kneeled a little girl. "Is it yours—this goat?" she asked.

Oeyvind stood with eyes and mouth wide open, thrust both hands into the breeches he had on, and asked, "Who are you?"

¹ From J. G. Whittier's "Child Life in Prose." By permission of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company.

"I am Marit, mother's little one, father's fiddle, the elf in the house, granddaughter of Ole Nordistuen of the Heide farms, four years old in the autumn, two days after the frost nights, I!"

"Are you really?" he said, and drew a long breath, which he had not dared to do so long as she was speaking.

"Is it yours, this goat?" asked the girl again.

"Ye-es," he said, and looked up.

"I have taken such a fancy to the goat. You will not give it to me?"

"No, that I won't."

She lay kicking her legs, and looking down at him, and then she said, "But if I give you a butter-cake for the goat, can I have him then?"

Oeyvind came of poor people, and had eaten butter-cake only once in his life; that was when grandpa came there, and anything like it he had never eaten before or since. He looked up at the girl. "Let me see the butter-cake first," said he.

She was not long about it, and took out a large cake, which she held in her hand.

"Here it is," she said, and threw it down.

"Ow, it went to pieces," said the boy. He gathered up every bit with the utmost care; he could not help tasting the very smallest, and that was so good he had to taste another, and, before he knew it himself, he had eaten up the whole cake.

"Now the goat is mine," said the girl.

The boy stopped with the last bit in his mouth, the girl lay and laughed, and the goat stood by her side, with white breast and dark brown hair, looking sideways down.

"Could you not wait a little while?" begged the boy; his heart began to beat. Then the girl laughed still more, and got up quickly on her knees.

"No, the goat is mine," she said, and threw her arms round its neck, loosened one of her garters, and fastened it round. Oeyvind looked up. She got up, and began pulling at the goat. It would not follow, but twisted its neck downwards to where Oeyvind stood.

"Bay-ay-ay," it said.

But she took hold of its hair with one hand, pulled the string with the other, and said gently, "Come, goat, and you shall go into

the room and eat out of mother's dish and my apron." And then she sang:

"Come, boy's goat,
Come, mother's calf,
Come, mewing cat
In snow-white shoes.
Come, yellow ducks,
Come out of your hiding place;
Come, little chickens,
Who can hardly go;
Come, my doves
With soft feathers;
See, the grass is wet,
But the sun does you good;
And early, early is it in summer,
But call for the autumn, and it will come."

There stood the boy.

He had taken care of the goat since the winter before, when it was born, and he had never imagined he could lose it; but now it was done in a moment, and he would never see it again.

His mother came up humming from the beach, with wooden pans which she had scoured; she saw the boy sitting with his legs crossed under him on the grass, crying and she went up to him.

"What are you crying about?"

"Oh, the goat, the goat!"

"Yes; where is the goat?" asked his mother, looking up at the roof.

"It will never come back again," said the boy.

"Dear me! How could that happen?"

He would not confess immediately.

"Has the fox taken it?"

"Ah, if it only were the fox!"

"Are you crazy?" said his mother. "What has become of the goat?"

"Oh-h-h, I happened to—to—to sell it for a cake!"

As soon as he had uttered the word, he understood what it was to sell the goat for a cake; he had not thought of it before. His mother said:

"What do you suppose the little goat thinks of you, when you could sell him for a cake?"

And the boy thought about it, and felt sure that he could never again be happy in this world, and not even in heaven, he thought, afterwards. He felt so sorry that he promised himself never again to do anything wrong,

never to cut the thread on the spinning wheel, nor let the goats out, nor go down to the sea alone. He fell asleep where he lay, and dreamed about the goat, that he had gone to heaven; our Lord sat there with a great beard, as in the catechism, and the goat stood eating the leaves off a shining tree; but Oeyvind sat alone on the roof, and could not come up.

Suddenly there came something wet close up to his ear, and he started up. "Bay-ay-ay!" it said; and it was the goat, who had come back again.

"What! have you got back?"

He jumped up, took it by the two forelegs, and danced with it as if it were a brother; he pulled its beard, and he was just going in to his mother with it, when he heard some one behind him, and, looking, saw the girl sitting on the greensward by his side. Now he understood it all, and let go the goat.

"Is it you who have come with it?"

She sat tearing the grass up with her hands, and said:

"They would not let me keep it; grand-father is sitting up there, waiting."

While the boy stood looking at her, he heard a sharp voice from the road above call out, "Now!"

Then she remembered what she was to do; she rose, went over to Oeyvind, put one of her muddy hands into his, and, turning her face away, said:

"I beg your pardon!"

But then her courage was all gone; she threw herself over the goat, and wept.

"I think you had better keep the goat," said Oeyvind, looking the other way.

"Come, make haste!" said grandpapa, up on the hill; and Marit rose, and walked with reluctant feet upwards.

"You are not forgetting your garter?" Oeyvind called after her. She turned around, and looked first at the garter and then at him. At last she came to a great resolution, and said, in a choked voice:

"You may keep that."

He went over to her, and, taking her hand, said:

"Thank you!"

"Oh, nothing to thank for!" she answered, but drew a long sigh, and walked on.

He sat down on the grass again. The goat walked about near him, but he was no longer so pleased with it as before.

II

The goat was fastened to the wall; but Oeyvind walked about, looking up at the cliff. His mother came out and sat down by his side; he wanted to hear stories about what was far away, for now the goat no longer satisfied him. So she told him how once everything could talk: the mountain talked to the stream, and the stream to the river, the river to the sea, and the sea to the sky; but then he asked if the sky did not talk to any one; and the sky talked to the clouds, the clouds to the trees, the trees to the grass, the grass to the flies, the flies to the animals, the animals to the children, the children to the grown-up people; and so it went on, until it had gone round, and no one could tell where it had begun. Oeyvind looked at the mountain, the trees, the sky, and had never really seen them before. The cat came out at that moment, and lay down on the stone before the door in the sunshine.

"What does the cat say?" asked Oeyvind, pointing. His mother sang:

"At evening softly shines the sun,
The cat lies lazy on the stone.
Two small mice,
Cream, thick and nice,
Four bits of fish,
I stole behind a dish,
And am so lazy and tired,
Because so well I have fared,

says the cat."

But then came the cock, with all the hens. "What does the cock say?" asked Oeyvind, clapping his hands together. His mother sang:

"The mother hen her wings doth sink,
The cock stands on one leg to think:
That gray goose
Steers high her course;
But sure am I that never she
As clever as a cock can be.
Run in, you hens, keep under the roof to-day,
For the sun has got leave to stay away,

says the cock."

But the little birds were sitting on the ridgepole, singing. "What do the birds say?" asked Oeyvind, laughing.

"Dear Lord, how pleasant is life,
For those who have neither toil nor strife,

say the birds."

And she told him what they all said, down to the ant who crawled in the moss, and the worm who worked in the bark.

That same summer, one day, his mother came in and said to him, "To-morrow school begins and then you are going there with me."

Oeyvind had heard that school was a place where many children played together, and he had no objection. Indeed, he was much pleased, and he was so anxious to get there, he walked faster than his mother up over the hills.

When he came in there sat as many children around a table as he had ever seen at church. Others were sitting around the walls. They all looked up as Oeyvind and his mother entered, and as he was going to find a seat they all wanted to make room for him. He looked around a long time with his cap in his hand, and just as he was going to sit down he saw close beside him, sitting by the hearthstone, Marit of the many

names. She had covered her face with both hands, and sat peeping at him through her fingers.

"I shall sit here," said Oeyvind quickly, seating himself at her side, and then she laughed and he laughed too.

"Is it always like this here?" he whispered to Marit.

"Yes, just like this; I have a goat now," she said.

"Have you?"

"Yes; but it is not so pretty as yours."

"Why don't you come oftener up on the cliff?" said he.

"Grandpapa is afraid I shall fall over."

"But it is not so very high."

"Grandpapa won't let me, for all that."

"Mother knows so many songs," said he.

"Grandpapa does too, you can believe."

"Yes, but he does not know what mother does."

"Grandpapa knows one about a dance. Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes, very much."

"Well, then you must come farther over here, and I will tell it to you."

He changed his place, and then she recited a little piece of a song three or four times over so that the little boy learned it, and that was the first he learned at school.

Then the children sang, and Oeyvind stood with Marit by the door. All the children stood with folded hands and sang. Oeyvind and Marit also folded their hands, but they could not sing. And that was the first day at school.

BJORNE BJORNESON.

THE FAIRIES

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting,
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home—
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;

Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watchdogs,
All night awake.

High on the hilltop
The old king sits;
He is now so old and gray,
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columkill he crosses
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold, starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow;
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.

They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lake,
On a bed of flag leaves,
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hillside,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

THE HALF-CHICK¹

Once upon a time there was a handsome black Spanish hen who had a brood of chickens. They were all fine, plump little birds except the youngest, who was quite unlike his brothers and sisters. This one looked just as if he had been cut in two. He had only one leg, and one wing, and one eye, and half a head, and half a beak. His mother shook her head sadly as she looked at him and said:

"My youngest born is only a half-chick." And she called him Medio Pollito, which is Spanish for half-chick.

Now, though Medio Pollito was such an odd little fellow, he had a roving spirit in spite of his one leg. He was always running away, and when his mother called him to return to the coop he pretended that he could not hear, because he had only one ear.

When she took the whole family out for a walk in the fields, Medio Pollito would hop away by himself and hide in the corn. As he grew older he grew more self-willed and disobedient, and was often very rude to his

¹ From the Andrew Lang "Green Fairy Book," Longmans, Green & Co.; New York.

mother and disagreeable to the other chickens.

One day he had been out far longer than usual in the fields. On his return he strutted up to his mother with the little hop and kick which was his way of walking, and, cocking his one eye at her in a very bold way, he said:

"Mother, I am tired of life in this dull farmyard. I'm off to Madrid to see the king."

"To Madrid, Medio Pollito!" exclaimed his mother. "Why, you silly chick, you would be tired out before you had gone half the distance. No, no, stay at home with your mother, and some day when you are bigger we will go for a little journey together."

But Medio Pollito had made up his mind, and off he would go. Scarcely waiting to say good-by to his family, away he stumped down the highroad that led to Madrid.

"Be sure that you are kind and civil to every one you meet," called his mother, running after him; but he was in such a hurry to be off that he did not wait to answer her or even to look back.

A little later in the day, as he was taking a short cut through a field, he passed a stream.

Now the stream was all choked up and overgrown with weeds and water plants, so that its waters could not flow freely.

"Oh! Medio Pollito," it cried as the half-chick hopped along its banks, "do come and help me by clearing away these weeds."

"Help you, indeed!" exclaimed Medio Pollito, tossing his head and shaking the few feathers in his tail. "Do you think I have nothing to do but to waste my time on such trifles? Help yourself, and don't trouble busy travelers. I am off to Madrid to see the king," and hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, away stumped Medio Pollito.

A little later he came to a fire that had been left by some gypsies in a wood. It was burning very low and would soon be out.

"Oh! Medio Pollito," cried the fire in a weak, wavering voice as the half-chick approached, "in a few minutes I shall go quite out unless you put some sticks and dry leaves upon me. Do help me, or I shall die!"

"Help you, indeed!" answered Medio Pollito. "I have other things to do. Gather sticks for yourself and don't trouble me. I am off to Madrid to see the king," and

hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, away stumped Medio Pollito.

The next morning, as he was getting near Madrid, he passed a large chestnut tree, in whose branches the wind was caught and entangled.

"Oh! Medio Pollito," called the wind, "do hop up here and help me to get free of these branches. I cannot come away, and it is so uncomfortable."

"It is your own fault for going there," answered Medio Pollito. "I can't waste all my morning stopping here to help you. Just shake yourself off, and don't hinder me, for I am off to Madrid to see the king," and hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, away stumped Medio Pollito in great glee, for the towers and roofs of Madrid were now in sight.

When he entered the town he saw before him a great, splendid house, with soldiers standing before the gates. This he knew must be the king's palace, and he determined to hop up to the front gate and wait there until the king came out. But as he was hopping past one of the back windows the king's cook saw him.

"Here is the very thing I want," he exclaimed, "for the king has just sent a message to say that he must have chicken broth for his dinner." Opening the window, he stretched out his arm, caught Medio Pollito, and popped him into the broth pot that was standing near the fire.

Oh! how wet and clammy the water felt as it went over Medio Pollito's head, making his feathers cling to him.

"Water! water!" he cried in his despair, "do have pity upon me, and do not wet me like this."

"Ah! Medio Pollito," replied the water, "you would not help me when I was a little stream away in the field. Now I cannot help you."

Then the fire began to burn and scald Medio Pollito, and he danced and hopped from one side of the pot to the other, trying to get away from the heat and crying out in pain:

"Fire! fire! do not scorch me like this; you can't think how it hurts."

"Ah! Medio Pollito," answered the fire, "you would not help me when I was dying

away in the wood. Now I cannot help you."

At last, just when the pain was so great that Medio Pollito thought he must die, the cook lifted up the lid of the pot to see if the broth was ready for the king's dinner.

"Look here!" he cried in horror, "this chicken is quite useless. It is burned to a cinder. I can't send it up to the royal table." And, opening the window, he threw Medio Pollito out into the street. But the wind caught him up and whirled him through the air so quickly that Medio Pollito could scarcely breathe, and his heart beat against his side till he thought it would break.

"Oh, wind!" at last he gasped out, "if you hurry me along like this you will kill me. Do let me rest a moment, or—"

But he was so breathless that he could not finish his sentence.

"Ah! Medio Pollito," replied the wind, "when I was caught in the branches of the chestnut tree you would not help me. So now I cannot help you."

And he swirled Medio Pollito over the roofs of the houses till they reached the

highest church in the town, and there he left him, fastened to the top of the steeple.

And there stands Medio Pollito to this day. And if you go to Madrid and walk through the streets till you come to the highest church, you will see Medio Pollito perched on his one leg on the steeple, with his one wing drooping at his side, and gazing sadly out of his one eye over the town.

Adapted.

THE DISCONTENTED TREE

A little tree stood in the midst of a forest. Instead of leaves, it was covered with fine, sharp needles, which pricked the fingers if one sought to gather them.

One day the little tree said, in a complaining way, "All of my comrades have beautiful leaves, and I have only needles. No one comes near me; all pass me by. If I could have my wish, I would have leaves of pure gold."

When night came the little tree slept. On waking early in the morning, behold, it was clad in leaves of shining gold! Oh, what a splendid appearance it made! How it glistened in the sun!

Then the little tree said: "Now I am proud. No other tree in the wood has golden leaves."

But as evening drew nigh an old man, with a long beard, came walking through the wood, carrying a heavy sack on his shoulders. When he saw the tree, with its brilliant, glittering foliage, he quickly plucked the golden leaves, one by one, thrust them into his sack, and hastened away, leaving the tree empty and shorn. Then the poor little tree was overcome with grief and vexation.

"The golden leaves have only been a trouble to me. How ashamed I shall be before the other trees! If I could only have another wish, I would wish for leaves of pure glass."

The little tree slept again; and again, on waking, behold, another surprise! All the branches were filled with lovely glass leaves! How they danced in the sunbeams!

"Ah!" said the little tree, "now I am happy! No tree in the woods glitters as I do!"

But soon there arose a great storm, with a mighty wind, which came rushing through the forest, and when it had passed, there lay

the glass leaves shattered and broken upon the grass.

Then the little tree said, sorrowfully: "See, now, there lie my beautiful leaves in the dust, and the other trees with their green leaves stand unharmed! If I could wish, I would have green leaves."

Again the tree slept, and in the morning it was clothed in green.

Then the little tree laughed aloud and said: "Now I have leaves like the others, and have no cause for shame!"

There came along just then an old goat, looking for food for her young. She saw the little tree, and in a twinkling stripped it of all its leaves.

Once more the poor little tree stood forlorn, with its empty branches, and said: "I will wish for no more leaves, neither green, yellow, nor red. If I had only my needles back, I would not complain."

Sorrowfully the little tree went to sleep, and sorrowfully it waked. Then it saw itself in the bright sunshine, and laughed, and laughed, and all the trees laughed with it; for in one night it had received again all its

needles. Now at last it was content, and indulged no longer in foolish wishes.

THE THREE LITTLE CHRISTMAS TREES THAT GREW ON THE HILL¹

Once there were three fir trees growing on a hill. One was tall and beautiful, with wide branches; the second tree was not quite so tall, but it was growing larger every day; the third was only a little tree, but it was sturdy and strong, and it hoped some day to be as tall as its brothers.

The summer had gone and the maples and oaks and birches had lost their leaves long ago. Now the ground was white with snow and the fir trees were hoping that Santa Claus would soon come and take them away to be Christmas trees.

One day a little bird came hopping and fluttering along over the snow, for it had hurt its wing and could not fly. "Oh, please, big fir tree," said the little bird, "may I rest here in your branches? I am very tired, and I'm afraid I shall freeze out here in the snow."

¹ From "The Three Little Christmas Trees," by Mary McDowell.

"No," said the fir tree, "I can't have any little birds in my branches. I am going to be a Christmas tree." And it drew its branches proudly away from the shivering little bird.

The little bird hopped away to the second tree and said: "Oh, please, dear tree, may I rest in your branches? My wing is hurt. I cannot fly, and I have come a long way over the snow."

"No," said the tree, "I cannot have any little birds in my branches. I am going to be a Christmas tree."

So the little bird hopped away very slowly to the smallest tree. It was almost afraid to ask again, but the night was coming, so the little bird said very softly, "Please, little tree, may I rest in your branches? I am so cold and tired, I don't think I can go any farther."

"Oh, yes," said the little tree, "creep up here close to my trunk and I will cover you as best I can with my branches. I am so glad to have you here."

The little tree stood straight and still in the moonlight, trying its best to shield the little bird from the wind.

Far away came the sound of silvery bells, which grew nearer and nearer until there came into view a sleigh drawn by reindeer. Straight up the hill it came, past the two big trees and on till it came to where the little tree stood. Out jumped the driver, all clad in fur. "This is the most beautiful tree in all the wood," said he. "I must have it for my Christmas tree," and he took it up gently, so that not even the little bird was wakened.

"And this little bird will be some little child's Christmas present."

And into his sleigh he jumped and away they flew over the sparkling snow.

Adapted.

THE SNOW BIRD'S SONG

The ground was all covered with snow one day,

And two little sisters were busy at play,
When a snow bird was sitting close by on a tree,

And merrily singing his chick-a-de-dee,

Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee,

And merrily singing his chick-a-de-dee.

He had not been singing his tune very long
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was his song;
"Oh, sister, look out of the window," said she;
"Here's a dear little bird singing chick-a-de-dee,
Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-dee.

"Oh, mother, do get him some stockings and shoes,
And a nice little frock, and a hat, if he choose;
I wish he'd come into the parlor and see
How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-de-dee,
Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-dee."

"There is One, my dear child, though I cannot tell who,
Has clothed me already, and warm enough too.
Good morning! Oh, who are as happy as we?"
And away he went singing his chick-a-de-dee,
Chick-a-de-dee, chick-a-de-dee,
And away he went singing his chick-a-de-dee.

F. C. WOODWORTH.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

'T was the night before Christmas, and all
through the house

Not a creature was stirring—not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with
care,

In the hope that St. Nicholas soon would be
there.

The children were nestled all snug in their
beds,

While visions of sugar-plums danced in their
heads;

.

And Mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's
nap;

When out on the lawn there arose such a
clatter,

I sprang from the bed to see what was the
matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen
snow

Gave the luster of midday to objects below—
When what to my wondering eyes should
appear

But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny rein-
deer,

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them
by name:

“Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer!
now, Vixen!

On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and
Blixen!

To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away! dash away! dash away all!”

As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to
the sky,

So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas
too.

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each tiny hoof.

As I drew in my head, and was turning
around,

Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with
a bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his
foot,

And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes
and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening
his pack.

His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples—
how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a
cherry;

His droll little mouth was drawn up in a bow,
And his beard on his chin was as white as
the snow;

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a
wreath.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old
elf,

And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of
myself.

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to
dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to
his work,
And filled all the stockings—then turned with
a jerk;
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a
whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a
thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out
of sight:
“Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good
night!”

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

